THE

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OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

OCTOBER, 1807.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, Esq.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE was born in the barracks of Dublin, in the year 1756: his father being a subaltern in one of the regiments that composed the garrison. His mother was of Scotch extraction, and by her marriage incurred the displeasure of her family, who, with a very moderate portion of substance, richly abounded in that beggarly pride, which forms a leading feature in the character of our Northern neighbours. At little more than two years of age, our hero accompanied his father to London, where he continued till the year 1763, when he was placed in a school in the North of England. It was during his residence at this school, which lasted till 1771, that he became infected, as he himself terms it, with the theatrical *mania*.

On his emancipation from school discipline, in 1771, our hero went to sea, and afterwards embarked in business; but less from inclination than necessity. Accordingly the moment the law made him his own master; or, in other words, the moment he attained the enviable age of one and twenty, he spurned at trade, as an occupation

unworthy of his aspiring mind, and coming into possession of a legacy bequeathed him by a distant relation, quitted all employment to indulge, without let or molestation, his favourite passion and pursuit. It was not, however, till he had run through his inheritance, that he made his *debût* on the *public* boards. His first appearance on any regular stage was in the spring of 1778, when he performed the part of *Castalio*, in the *Orphan*, at the Haymarket Theatre, for the benefit of Mrs. Massey, and with such complete success, as determined him to embrace the profession, as his future means of support. He played two or three subsequent nights at the Haymarket, and then joined a provincial company.

From this period till the summer of 1786, our hero ran the customary round of Thespian iteneranсy; passing his *noviciate* in various provincial companies, particularly those of Nottingham and Lincoln. In July, 1786, he enlisted under the banners of the York manager, Mr. Wilkinson, and came out in the part of *Count Baldwin*, the same night that Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance at that theatre, as *Isabella*, in the *Fatal Marriage*. The May following he repaired to Lancaster, having joined the Newcastle company, with whom he continued four years, performing successively at Newcastle, Chester, Lancaster, Preston, and other towns belonging to that district. In April 1791, he entered into an engagement with the manager of the Manchester theatre, to whom his talents were already experimentally known, Mr. Cooke having, previous to his treaty with the York manager, acted at Manchester a whole season with great applause, besides a winter spent at Liverpool. In November, 1794, Mr. Cooke visited the capital of the sister kingdom, at the pressing invitation of Mr. Daly, at that time director of the Dublin stage. He returned to England the following year, and in March 1796 rejoined the Manchester company, with whom he stood in high favour and repute; and, indeed, it reflects no small honour on the taste and penetration of the inhabitants of that town, that, among the foremost to discern, they have been among the foremost, likewise, to foster and encourage the talents of a man, who owes his professional success entirely to his own intrinsic merit.

In October 1797, Mr. Cooke made a second trip to Dublin, the management of that theatre having de-

volved into the hands of the present patentee, Mr. Jones. He there remained three years, rapidly rising in celebrity and favour, being justly regarded as the hero of the Dublin stage, and the *Roscius* of the sister kingdom.

On the 31st of October, 1800, he made his first appearance on the Covent Garden boards, in the character of *Richard III*, and made a more powerful impression on the audience of London, than any actor since the *debût* of Garrick. He has ever since remained on the same stage, and in a variety of principal characters, particularly *Richard*, *Kitely*, *Shylock*, *Iago*, *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, and *Sir Archy Macsarcasm*, certainly possesses stronger powers of attraction than any individual performer now on the stage.

ON FINE GENTLEMEN,

WITH THE CHARACTER AND DESCRIPTION OF AN UPSTART.

PROFUSION is become an essential of a man of honour: a young fellow cannot be of the *ton* without it; and oeconomy, or any degree of prudence is utterly incompatible with that largeness of soul, which, while it squanders thousands upon the *turf* or at *Arthur's*, perhaps reluctantly affords half-a-crown to distress.

Full of these sublime ideas, an insolent formerly lamented, in my hearing, that the circumstances of his house had destined him to a profession; for that "himself was the *gentleman* of it. He had indeed brethren of professions, and liberal professions too, who were able and accomplished, as well as honest and worthy men; but then, they were not *gentlemen*. They wanted that freedom of spirit and humour, which *elevates* above accounts, calculations, and other minute and groveling attentons: they wanted that easy, careless, sauntering habit, which is so very becoming, because it sits so very naturally, upon *gentlemen* who have nothing to do. There was a method, a littleness of management, favouring of pedantry and the schools, in all they did: and, though likely to get well enough through life by playing a safe game, yet they would never win a prize, any more than other dull fellows *snatch a grace*, *beyond* the drudgery

and *rules of art.*"—What pity it is, that there was only one *gentleman* in this worthy family! who, to cut short his history, as he lived an extravagant, so he died a bankrupt; to the very sincere affliction of his *ungentlemen* brethren.

Thus far of men liberally born, and liberally educated: but there are others, who, though neither the one nor the other, yet parade and figure in the shape of *gentlemen;* and, in this money-getting age, are by far the commonest character of the two. I heard one of these *pieces of mechanism* observe, with much affectation, that *his* misfortune was to *have a taste;* that this misfortune had been increased, by keeping too much *good company*, and seeing too much of life *upon the large scale;* and that what still added to his expences, were the obligations he lay under to cultivate the *little people* (so this upstart called them) about his villa: for it will easily be imagined, that he was not without the low ambition of being *popular.* Now who, do you think, this extraordinary person was? I will tell you.

He was the son of a cockney in low life, who, by cow-keeping and the help of a milk-board, had scraped together enough to leave him independent of trade; but who, retaining the spirit and manners of his original meanness, which is often the case with those who rise to sudden riches, gave him no education above that of the vulgar. Coming however to his inheritance, he determined to be a *gentleman*; and, first, he applied to *Pearce*, a taylor of prime and fashionable *goût*, who made him at once a *gentleman* in dress: which, by the way, is no small advance; for this, with the *æs triplex frontis*, that "front of threefold brass," in which this pupil was singularly happy, will procure admission to the first personages of the kingdom, and *no questions asked.* Then he applied to tradesmen, manufacturers, artists: who, from their several departments, made him a *gentleman* in houses, furniture, and apparatus of every kind: and then he got the whole bespangeled with pictures and *vertû.*—I had almost forgot to mention, what is a very capital article in the construction of these *new* gentlemen; and that is, a library *. For this he applied to P——;

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* Fielding, in his *Voyage to Lisbon*, mentions one Boyce, a blacksmith at Gosport, who, by smuggling and other honest arts, became

and P—— made him a *gentleman*, with regard to books. P—— talked to him of original standard authors, which he *must not be without*; of rare and curious copies, in the finest preservation, and most elegant bindings; and thus at length furnished him with a collection, in all languages, of far from inconsiderable value. They might, if properly painted, as well have been of wood; for their possessor had no more pretensions to learning, than he had to taste—or than a mere observer of rites and ceremonies has to religion. In short, he knew no language but his own; and that no better than the women who swept his rooms†.

Did not I rightly call this ape of elegance and magnificence a *piece of mechanism?* and are not many *fine gentlemen* thus *mechanically* formed?

> Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
> Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats.

To be sure: the artists furnish the taste, as well as the object of it. Mean while, this destination of men to situations and objects, for which they are unfit, is no small detriment as well as nuisance to society. Many of these *fine gentlemen*, who are at least useless burdens to the earth they encumber, might have done good service in the menial offices and arts of life. The only service they do, under this forced and unnatural character, is the transferring of property, which by prodigality they sometimes abuse, into the hands of men, who may rightly use it; and thus justifying Providence, whose ways are constantly to educe good from evil.

I am not sure, that my *upstart* is equal to the purchase

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possessed of 40,000l. This accomplished person, after procuring abundance of fine things, concluded with having a *library*; and, accordingly, sent an order to a bookseller in London, for 500l. worth of his *handsomest* books.

† Lucian considered this taste for book-buying, as so sure a symptom of an illiterate fellow, that he joins the two characters together. These book-gentry should seem to think, like the man who bought Orpheus's harp, that it would make admirable music of itself, without any skill or knowledge in a performer; or him, who purchased Epictetus's lamp at a vast sum, in hopes of having with it Epictetus's wisdom; or, lastly, like those wild Indians, who believe, that they inherit not only the spoils, but the abilities of any great enemy, they have the luck to kill.

of a borough: else I should have mentioned a seat in parliament as one of the qualifications, by which these gentry rise to *greatness*. The Herald's Office, however, was not neglected, a coat of arms having been his first acquisition; and we are just informed, that, to render his name illustrious after death, he hath ordered his funeral to be in the style and manner of the late R—— R——, Esq.—500l. for a monument, and 4l. yearly to have it brushed by the sexton.

MELANGE.

No. VII.

Chacun à son gout.

SWIFT.

Riding out one morning in the Strand near Dublin, he met with a parishioner of his well mounted, and began to pay him some compliments on his horse, &c. "All this may be very true, Mr. Dean," said the man; "but still he is not equal to yours." "To mine!" returned the Dean in surprise: "why, this is but a mere pad, which I keep for exercise."—"Aye, but notwithstanding that," replied the other, "*he carries the best head* of any horse in Ireland."

CLERICAL BOOTS.

A Clergyman in Essex, not much celebrated as a preacher, used to wear boots generally on duty; and gave as a reason for it, that "the roads were so *deep* in some places, that he found them more convenient than shoes." "Yes," said Foote, "and, I dare say, equally convenient in the pulpit; for there the Doctor is generally *out of his depth* too."

INTUITION, AND SAGACITY.

Of the difference between those two qualities (the one being immediate in its effect, and the other acquiring a

circuitous process) Foote said, "the former was the *eye*, the latter the *nose*, of the mind."

THE CAUSE OF A PLAY BEING DAMNED.

A foreigner being present at a musical piece which was damned the first night of its performance, asked Foote who the author was. Being told that his name was *St. John*, he asked again, "*St. Jean, St. Jean, quel St. Jean?* (St. John, St. John, what St. John ?")—"*Oh, Monsieur!* cried Foote; *le gentilhomme sans la tête.* (Oh, Sir, the gentleman without a head)."

CONSTANTIA GRIERSON,

OF THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY, IN IRELAND; DIED 1733, AGED 27;

Was allowed, long before, to be an excellent scholar, not only in Greek and Roman literature, but in history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. She gave a proof of her knowledge in the Latin tongue, by her dedication of the Dublin edition of *Tacitus* to the Lord Carteret, and by that of *Terence* to his son, to whom she likewise wrote a Greek epigram. She wrote several fine poems in English, on which she set so little value, that she neglected to leave copies, but of very few, behind her.

She is said to have exemplified that fine saying of a French author: "That a great genius should be superior to his own abilities."

When Lord Carteret was lord-lieutenant of Ireland, he obtained a patent for Mr. Grierson, her husband, to be king's printer; and to distinguish and reward her uncommon merit, had her life inserted in it.

The foregoing account is entirely transcribed from Mrs. Barber's preface prefixed to her poems. To this we shall add some particulars, which Mrs. Pilkington has recorded. She tells us "that when about eighteen years of age, she was brought to her father to be instructed in midwifery; that she was mistress of Hebrew, Greek, Latin and French, understood mathematics as well as most men; and what made these extraordinary talents yet more surprising, was, that her parents were poor illiterate country people: so that her learning appeared like the gift,

poured out on the apostles, of speaking all languages without the pains of study." Mrs. Pilkington enquired of her, where she had gained this prodigious knowledge? to which Mrs. Grierson answered, "that she received some little instruction from the minister of the parish, when she could spare time from her needle-work, to which she was closely kept by her mother." Mrs. Pilkington adds, "that she wrote elegantly both in verse and prose; that her turn was chiefly to philosophical or divine subjects; that her piety was not inferior to her learning; and that some of the most delightful hours she herself had ever passed, were in the conversation of this female philosopher."

She wrote *an Abridgement of the History of England.* There are many particular circumstances of her life which do her honour, and are a noble example to the living, particularly as a wife and mother. She was patronized by the late Lord Granville, and was the editor of several of the classics. Her son, who was his majesty's printer at Dublin, and instructed by her, was a man of uncommon learning, great wit and vivacity. He died in Germany, at the age of twenty-seven. Dr. Johnson highly respected his abilities, and often observed, that he possessed more extensive knowledge than any man of his years he had ever known. His industry was equal to his talents, he particularly excelled in every species of philological learning, and was perhaps the best critic of the time.

POPERY. At the beginning of the long Parliament, a cry of "No Popery," was heard in this kingdom. One of the oddest expressions of alarm was the following simile of Pym. "Popery," said he, "may be compared to the dry bones of Ezekiel; which first came together from afar, then sinews and flesh grew upon them, afterwards the skin covered them, and lastly, breath and life were put into them." The comparison is yet more applicable now. Popery is indeed become a heap of dry bones; and the very priests are at a loss which to select as worthy to become the skeletons of a reanimated church. Sinews and flesh will not grow upon them, without long industry and governmental patronage. The eventual re-creation must assume a new, a glossy and glorified skin. And the whole apprehended process resembles more the imagery of a visionary than the foresight of a prophet.

ON REFORMATIONS.*

The work of reformation, in church and in state, hath long been agitated; and, doubtless, there are many things in both, that may well be thought to want it. Some however, averse from reforming, think it more expedient to *temporize* with prevailing manners and customs; and would rather acquiesce under, than attempt a correction of, the numerous irregularities and evils with which we abound. This may be just and good, as well as wise and politic, in certain situations: yet, if we mean any thing when we talk of human perfection and human happiness, it must surely be right to correct errors and abuses; nor can reformation possibly be deemed unreasonable, *always provided*, that the reformers, amidst their zeal, will ponder well the materials, *the stuff*, they have to work upon†; lest, being hurried on by visions, and ideas of a perfection not to be attained, they produce greater evils than those they would remove.

In the last century, by pushing the spirit of reforming too far, greater evils were produced than the reformers had it in their view to remove. Resistance was made to the encroachments of regal power, and made successfully: but did the spirit of reforming rest here? No; it proceeded till the monarchy was destroyed. And what followed then? Why, anarchy succeeded monarchy; a republic, such as it was, succeeded anarchy; a protectorate succeeded a republic; and, finally, the nation, having reeled to and fro from one form of government to another, and having found no rest under any, recurred at length to a monarchy, more arbitrary even with their own consent, and more pernicious in its consequences, than that which had been abolished. But to proceed,

The objects of reformation are, *manners*, *opinions*, and *establishments*. On the article of *manners*, enough has been written: enough to shew, that *manners* cannot be reformed by *laws*, but only by education, or an esta-

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* From *the Irenarch*.

† *Mens humana, si agat in materiam, naturam rerum contemplando, pro modo materiæ operatur, atque ab eadem determinatur.* Bacon.—And is not this as necessary in the world of *spirit*, as in the world of *matter*?

blished system of early discipline. With regard to *opinions*, I am free to own, with Mr. Bayle, that "there are no truths so minute, but what are worthy to be promoted; no errors so trifling, but what had better be corrected than retained. But, when the circumstances of time and place will not suffer novelties to be proposed, though ever so true, without occasioning a thousand disorders," I must also concur with Mr. Bayle in supposing, that "it were much better to let things remain as they are, than undertake to reform them; since the remedy would be worse than the disease." To which I may add, that, after all the reformation which can be made, every man will have, because every man must have, his own *opinion* still. Ἰδιοσυγκρασια is defined by a certain physican *humorum illud peculiare temperamentum, unde sua est cuique sanitas, suus cuique morbus:* and might he not have added, if his subject had required it, *sua cuique indoles, sua cuique* ***OPINIO*** *?*—To suppose that any man should think as I do, is to suppose that man organized as I am; that he has received the same temperament, the same nutriment, the same education, and (which includes all) the same modification, with me, in every instant of his duration: in one word, it is to suppose, that *he* is what *I* am. Why not expect from him a conformity of features, as well as a conformity of opinions, with mine? the former, as should seem, being just as much in his power, as the latter.

With regard to *establishments*, I suppose myself to dissent from those, whom the spirit of reforming agitates the most, only in this; that, whereas they would have the principle of reformation to operate at *all* times and in *all* situations of things, I would limit and confine it to *certain* times, and *certain* conjunctures. "There is a time for all things," says a great reformer: "it is *not every conjuncture* which calls with equal force upon the activity of honest men: but critical exigencies now and then arise (†)". As therefore, on the one hand, I would not, with a *Leviathan* spirit assert the rectitude of *maintaining* at all events whatever was established; so, on the other, I would as-

(†) Mr. Burke.—See to what an extent Erasmus carried the idea of waiting for *conjunctures*, in the business of reforming religion. *Scio quidvis esse ferendum potius, quam ut publicus orbis status turbetur in pejus: scio pietatem esse nonnunquam celare veritatem; neque eam quovis loco, neque quovis tempore, neque apud quosvis, neque quovis modo, neque totam ubique promendam.* Epist. 501.

sert the wisdom and expediency of *tolerating*, not only imperfections, but even evils, in an establishment, until those evils can be removed without producing greater. And I seem to assert this upon the surest foundation; because the principle of reformation, unless restrained by this qualifying clause, will never suffer the world to remain in quiet. As surely as no establishment can be perfect, so surely will reformers never be wanting to disturb it *. I know the difficulty of ascertaining the crisis, when reformation is to commence;—this must be determined by the circumstances of time and place—yet I cannot forbear to think as I do: and, if I am in error, it must be my love of peace and good order that has misled me. "Very many persons," says Mr. Bayle, "will inflexibly adhere to this maxim, that it is a lesser evil to bear with abuses in church and state, than to cure them by remedies which will overturn the constitution in church and state †." I must own myself to be one of these persons: and am ready to say, with the good Bishop Hall, that *some quiet error may be better than some unruly truth* ‖; or, as Erasmus had said before him, *mihi adeo est invisa discordia, ut veritas etiam displiceat seditiosa.*

But it should seem, as if reformations in the state were far more easy and far more practicable, than reformations in the church; and, accordingly, a worthy person some years ago exhibited a plan, very elaborately drawn, for *parliamentary independency* and *oeconomical reformation* ‡‡. I was affected with uncommon pleasure at the report of this plan, which (I thought) was striking directly at the root of the thing: for *true patriotism*, as a great states-

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* The world can never remain in peace, because sectaries and fanatics will every where think it a duty to disturb it:—

> And prove *their* doctrine orthodox
> By apostolic blows and knocks;
> Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
> A godly thorough reformation:
> Which always must be carried on,
> And still be doing, never done;
> As if religion were intended
> For nothing else but to be mended.
>
> HUDIBRAS.

† Dict. CASTELLANUS. Note Q.
‖ Decad. VI. Epist. 7.
‡‡ Burke's Speech, &c. on Feb. 11, 1780.

man observed most justly, *can have no foundation, but frugality* *; and vain will be all attempts to render Members of Parliament *independent*, till they can be cured of their extravagancies, and prevailed on to be *oeconomists*. But, to my very great grief as well as surprise, the plan of reformation he proposed, had no respect at all to the oeconomy of parliament men, but only to the expences of certain departments, connected with and dependant on the court; as if great and important savings might thence have been made to the nation. Too great savings cannot be made to the nation: the nation stands in need of all that can be saved: and what Mr. Burke advanced, under this general idea, had a real foundation in reason and equity. I only doubt, whether the honourable gentleman, in pursuing this idea, did not *contemplate* upon too small a scale, when he would have reduced the expences of royalty to the accuracy and precision of private oeconomy. I doubt, also, whether the savings from this reduction would have been indeed of such capital and essential importance, as was imagined. And, lastly, I doubt most of all, whether, with our present manners, even government itself could make the reformation proposed; that is whether such reformation be really *practicable*.

But here, Mr. Burke hath been before us: "I know," says he, "it is common for men to say, that such and such things are perfectly right,—very desirable, but unfortunately not practicable. Oh, no, Sir, no: those things, which are not practicable, are not desirable. †" Indeed? But, is not *parliamentary independency* desirable; and does it thence follow, that it is attainable? *Parliamentary independency* must be according to parliamentary manners; which, if we may trust the representations of those who knew them well, are by no means favourable to it, at present. The late Lord Chesterfield, speaking of Sir Robert Walpole, delivers himself thus: "Money was the chief engine of his administration, and he employed it with a success, which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing, which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles II.; but, with uncommon skill and unbounded profusion, he

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* Lord Bath in *Swift's Letters.*

† Speech, &c.

brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which, if not checked *(and God knows how it can be checked)* must ruin it*." The late Lord Bath, apologizing to Swift for desisting "to struggle against corruption," declared "the whole nation to be so abandoned and corrupt, that the Crown can never fail of a majority in both Houses of Parliament.—I am convinced," says he, "that our constitution is already gone; and we are idly struggling to maintain, what in truth has been long lost†."

Now, are things really so as these noble Lords have represented them, or are they not? for we presume not to decide. If they be so, why then, surely, this reformation in parliament, so confessedly *desirable*, is not, however, so confessedly *practicable* ‖. And whence, after all, should *independency* arise; or, were it once upon its legs, how support itself? "Can a nation, venal, vicious, and corrupt, long preserve its liberty? Liberty, to be relished and preserved, requires noble, brave, and virtuous souls: otherwise, it degenerates into licentiousness, and ends by becoming the prey of a master who can purchase it. A people, without manners, is not made to be free: true liberty must be accompanied with a love of equity, humanity, a deep sense of the natural rights of men. Feelings of this kind can only be the fruits of a liberal and virtuous education; far different from that narrow and servile mode of educating, which now prevails in every country. What then can be wanting to complete the happiness of a people, who glory in the best and freest constitution? What remains to be desired by a nation, into whose ports the riches of the world find their way? This remains to be desired: a generous education, integrity of manners, true notions of justice; in a word, dispositions and appetites, opposite to that ardent and unquenchable thirst after *filthy lucre*,

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* Characters, &c.

† Swift's Letters.

‖ No discouragement is here meant to any attempt towards reformation: duty as well as policy should put us upon reforming whatever can be reformed. We may moderate evils, if we cannot remove them: and this perhaps is all, the worthy person aimed at; governing himself by the old rule, "of asking too much, in order to obtain enough"—*iniquum petere, ut æquum ferat*, Quintil. IV. 5.

the abundance whereof is fit only to stifle and extinguish virtues the most useful to society.

"People of Britain, whence these continual alarms? these factions which tear you, these dark and splenetic humours which devour you? The treasures you accumulate, far from confirming your happiness, are to you a never-ceasing source of trouble. How is it, that, in the very bosom of liberty and abundance, we see you deep in reverie, unquiet, and more dissatisfied with your lot, than the meanest and most contemptible slaves? Learn the true cause of your anxieties and your fears. The love of gold never makes good citizens. Liberty cannot be firmly established, but upon equity; or bravely defended, but by virtue. Leave to despots the foolish and destructive glory of making conquests, and be content with enjoying the blessings of nature in peace. Cultivate then, O Britons, reason and wisdom: employ yourselves in perfecting your government and your laws. Fear luxury, fatal to manners, fatal to liberty: dread fanaticism, political and religious. So shall your fortunate Isle become the model of nations, and your liberty shine propitious to all the people upon earth*."

CHARACTER OF MR. FOX,

BY SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Mr. Fox united in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men, and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from parade and dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even somewhat inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than

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* Une nation vénale, vicieuse, corrompue, peut-elle donc longtems conserver sa liberté? &c. *Système Social.* Part II. ch. 6.

from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. His conversation, when it was not repressed by modesty or indolence, was delightful. The pleasantry perhaps of no man of wit had so unlaboured an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all his contemporaries distinguished by wit, politeness, or philosophy, or learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years he had known almost every man in Europe whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which by the custom of England is more peculiarly called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius he delighted to take refuge in poetry, from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His own verses were easy and pleasing, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *Vers de Societé*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed in his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least languages of the West, those of the Greeks and of the Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it. To speak of him justly, as an Orator, would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge would only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being.—He forgot himself and every thing around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings *and conviction*. He certainly possessed above all moderns that union of *reason, simplicity, and vehemence*, which formed the Prince of Orators. He was the most *Demosthenean* speaker since DEMOSTHENES. "I knew him," says Mr. BURKE, in a pamphlet written after their unhappy difference, "when

he was nineteen ; since which time he has risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw." The quiet dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of shew, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough good nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seemed to render him no very unfit representative of that old English national character, which if it ever changed, we should be sanguine indeed to expect to see succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardour of his eloquence roused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. " I admired," says Mr. GIBBON, " the powers of a superior man, as they are blended, in his attractive character, with all the softness and simplicity of a child : no human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood."—From these qualities of his public and private character it probably arose, that no English Statesman ever preserved, during so long a period of adverse fortune, so many affectionate friends, and so many zealous adherents. The union of ardour in public sentiment, with mildness in social manners, was, in Mr. Fox, an hereditary quality. The same fascinating power over the attachment of all who came within his sphere, is said to have belonged to his father ; and those who know the survivors of another generation, will feel that this delightful quality is not yet extinct in the race.

Perhaps nothing can more strongly prove the deep impression made by this part of Mr. Fox's character, than the words of Mr. BURKE, who, in January, 1797, six years after all intercourse between them had ceased, speaking to a person honoured with some degree of Mr. Fox's friendship, said, " *To be sure he is a man made to be loved !*" and these emphatical words were uttered with a fervour of manner which left no doubt of their heart-felt sincerity.

These few hasty and honest sentences are sketches in a temper too sober and serious for intentional exaggeration, and with too pious an affection for the memory of Mr. Fox to profane it by intermixture with the factious brawls and wrangles of the day. His political conduct belongs to history. The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the opinion of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age. But he will most

certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations, by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth, by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men, by his liberal principles favourable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and the progressive civilization of mankind; by his ardent love for a country of which the well-being and greatness were indeed inseparable from his own glory, and by his profound reverence for that free constitution, which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal, and in a comprehensively philosophical sense.

CAROLAN.

THE two following Songs are the composition of TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN, (translated into English verse by MISS BROOKE,) a man much and deservedly celebrated for his poetical talents, as well as for the incomparable sweetness of all his musical pieces.

SONG

FOR GRACEY NUGENT.

By Carolan,

OF Gracey's charms enraptur'd will I sing!
Fragrant and fair, as blossoms of the spring;
To her sweet manners, and accomplish'd mind,
Each rival Fair the palm of Love resigned.

How blest her sweet society to share!
To mark the ringlets of her flowing hair; *
Her gentle accents,——her complacent mien!——
Supreme in charms, she looks——she reigns a Queen!

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* Hair is a favourite object with all the Irish poets, and endless is the variety of their description:—"Soft misty curls."—"Thick branching tresses of bright redundance."—"Locks of fair waving beauty."—"Tresses flowing on the wind like the bright waving flame of an inverted torch." They even affect to inspire it with *expression*:——as "Locks of *gentle* lustre."—"Tresses of *tender* beauty."—"The Maid with the *mildly* flowing hair, &c &c.

That alabaster form——that graceful neck,
How do the Cygnet's down and whiteness deck?——
How does that aspect shame the cheer of day;
When summer suns their brightest beams display.

Blest is the youth whom fav'ring fates ordain
The treasure of her love, and charms to gain!
The fragrant branch, with curling tendrils bound,
With breathing odours——blooming beauty crown'd.

Sweet is the cheer her sprightly wit supplies!
Bright is the sparkling azure of her eyes!
Soft o'er her neck her lovely tresses flow!
Warm in her praise the tongues of rapture flow!

Her's is the voice——tun'd by harmonious Love,
Soft as the Song's that warble through the grove!
Oh! sweeter joys her converse can impart!
Sweet to the *sense*, and grateful to the *heart*!

Gay pleasures dance where'er her footsteps bend,
And smiles and rapture round the fair attend:
Wit forms her speech, and wisdom fills her mind,
And *sight* and *soul* in her their object find.

Her pearly teeth, in beauteous order plac'd;
Her neck with bright, and curling tresses grac'd:
But ah, so fair!——in wit and charms supreme,
Unequal song must quit its darling theme.

Here break I off;—let sparkling goblets flow,
And my full heart its cordial wishes show:
To her dear health this friendly draught I pour,
Long be her life, and blest its every hour!

A friend to whom I shewed this Song, observed, that I had omitted a very lively thought in the conclusion, which they had seen in MR. WALKER's Memoirs. As that version has been much read and admired, it may perhaps be necessary, to vindicate my fidelity, as a translator, that I should here give a *literal* translation of the song, to shew that the thoughts have suffered very little, either of encrease or diminution from the poetry.

"I will sing with rapture of the blossom of whiteness! Gracey, the young and beautiful woman, who bore away the palm of excellence in sweet manners and accomplishments, from all the fair ones of the provinces."

"Whoever enjoys her constant society, no apprehension of any ill can assail him. The queen of soft and winning mind and manners, with her fair branching tresses flowing in ringlets."

"Her side like alabaster, and her neck like the swan, and her countenance like the sun in summer. How blest is it for him who is promised, as riches, to be united to her, the branch of fair curling tendrils."

"Sweet and pleasant is your lovely conversation.——bright and sparkling your blue eyes!——and every day do I hear all tongues declare your praises, and how gracefully your bright tresses wave down your neck!"

"I say to the Maid of youthful mildness, that her voice and her converse are sweeter than the songs of the birds! There is no delight or charm that imagination can conceive but what is found ever attendant on Gracey."

"Her teeth arranged in beautiful order, and her locks flowing in soft waving curls! But though it delights me to sing of thy charms, I must quit my theme!——With a sincere heart I fill to thy health."

The reader will easily perceive that in this literal translation, I have not sought for elegance of expression, my only object being to put it in his power to judge how closely my version has adhered to my original.

SONG

FOR MABLE KELLY.

The youth whom fav'ring Heaven's decree
To join his fate, my fair! with thee,
And see that lovely head of thine,
With fondness on his arm recline.

No thought but joy can fill his mind,
Nor any care can entrance find,
Nor sickness hurt, nor terror shake,——
And death will spare him, for thy sake!

For the bright flowing of thy hair,
That decks a face so heavenly fair;

And a fair form to match that face,
The rival of the Cygnet's grace.

Then with calm dignity she moves,
Where the clear stream her hue improves:
Where she her snowy bosom laves,
And floats, majestic, on the waves.

Grace gave thy form, in beauty gay,
And rang'd thy teeth in bright array;
All tongues with joy thy praises tell,
And love delights with thee to dwell.

To thee harmonious powers belong,
That add to verse the charms of song;
Soft melody to numbers join,
And make the poet half divine.

As when the softly blushing rose
Close by some neighbouring lilly grows;
Such is the glow thy cheeks diffuse,
And such their bright and blended hues!

The timid lustre of thine eye,*
With nature's purest tints can vie;
With the sweet blue-bell's azure gem,
That droops upon its modest stem!

The poets of Ierne's plains,
To thee devote their choicest strains;
And oft their harps for thee are strung,
And oft thy matchless charms are sung:

Thy voice, that binds the list'ning soul,—
That can the wildest rage controul:
Bid the fierce crane its powers obey,
And charm him from his finney prey.

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* It is generally believed that Carolan "remembered no impression of colours."—But I cannot acquiesce in this opinion: I think it must have been formed without sufficient grounds, for how was it possible that his descriptions could be thus glowing without he retained the clearest recollection, and the most animated ideas of every beauty that sight can convey to the mind.

Nor doubt I of its wond'rous art,
Nor hear with unimpassion'd heart?
Thy health, thy beauties,——ever dear!
Oft crown my glass with sweetest cheer.

Since the fam'd fair of ancient days,
Whom bards and worlds conspir'd to praise,
Not one like thee has since appear'd,
Like thee, to every heart endear'd

How blest the bard, O lovely maid!
To find thee in thy charms array'd!——
Thy pearly teeth,—thy flowing hair,——
Thy neck beyond the cygnet, fair!——

As when the simple birds, at night,
Fly round the torch's fatal light,——
Wild, and with extacy elate,
Unconscious of approaching fate:

So the soft splendours of thy face,
And thy fair form's enchanting grace,
Allure to death, unwary love,
And thousands the bright ruin prove!

Ev'n he whose hapless eyes * no ray
Admit from beauty's cheering day,
Yet, though he cannot see the light,
He feels it warm, and knows it bright.

In beauty, talents, taste refin'd,
And all the graces of the mind,
In *all* unmatch'd thy charms remain,
Nor meet a rival on the plain.

Thy slender foot,—thine azure eye,——
Thy smiling lip, of scarlet dye,——
Thy tapering hand, so soft and fair,——
The bright redundance of thy hair!——

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* Every reader of taste or feeling must surely be struck with the beauty of this passage.—Can any thing be more elegant or more pathetic, than the manner in which Carolan alludes to his want of sight!—but, indeed, his little pieces abound in all the riches of natural genius.

O blest be the auspicious day
That gave them to thy poet's lay !
O'er rival bards,* to lift his name,
Inspire his verse, and swell his fame !——

THE ARTS.

No. VIII.

The *little* dogs and all; Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they *bark* at me. SHAKSPEARE.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

I certainly expected to have finished my Apology before my arguments had been condemned ; but, Sir, here is a most furious wight, calling himself PHILOGRAPHICUS. who has become the advocate of Mr. Landseer, and has passed sentence upon me before he has known the extent of my crimes, or what I might say in extenuation of them. He accuses me of illiberal attacks on the professional character of Mr. Landseer ; of insidious, ungenerous, and uncalled for conduct ; of being an assassin, of malevolent designs, of stigmatizing innocence, of falsehood, &c. &c. charges surely sufficient for any moderate man: But not content with these, he goes further ; "Your correspondent also would be thought a distinguished artist." Then he accuses me of inculcating that the chalk manner is the superior mode of engraving: In another place he says, " and as admirable as your correspondent would insinuate his own performances to be." These, sir, are fair and literal extracts, and in justice to myself they should not pass unnoticed.

What has already been written of the " Apology" is before your readers, and a reference to it will prove that there is not one word said upon the superiority of the chalk manner of engraving, nor an insinuation, or direct pretension to ability in the writer as an artist ; nor are the value of his works as an engraver even glanced at,

* How modestly the poet here introduces a prophecy of his future reputation for genius !

or mentioned in any way whatever. From assertions, he gets to suspicions; "If (says he) he were some wretched dotter of the lowest class, who was fearful of being left out of employ, he could not shew more anxiety that Mr. Landseer and all the world should join in his anthem of Glory be to thee, O Dot!" Against malevolence of this nature innocence is no protection, nor ought we to be surprised that the man who can make assertions in direct violation of truth, should propagate the basest surmises; and I leave it to your readers to determine whether the disgraceful epithets this writer has so lavishly bestowed upon me, are not justly applicable to himself; his suspicions can never be registered to my account, for I might with equal justice be condemned for being a highwayman, or ridiculed for being a conjuror. This "Monsieur Cobweb," who "frets himself too much in the action," however goes on with his suspicions, and supposes that I may be able to "prove to the satisfaction of persons of the purest taste, that Woollett ought to have dotted after Wilson, and ought to have dotted the Death of General Wolfe, and the Battle of la Hogue". On what foundation those conjectures are supported, I know not, nor am I answerable for them. I declare my opinion to be, that the *Clytie*, *Circumcision*, *Silence*, *Deploma*, the *Wolfe* and *la Hogue* are so finely engraved that I should be sorry to see the attempt to execute them in any other mode of Engraving whatever.

With an equal regard to truth, this writer has accused me of invading the peaceful abodes of studious retirement. Has this snap-dragon forgot who threw the first stone? Were the base and ungenerous attacks of the lecturer, the parson, or the printseller, on the Chalk Manner, I say, where these, or the Apology, first laid before the public. Is defence, invasion? If I have followed "the assailant into his own trenches" and given "blow for blow," the unmanly aggressions of my antagonists will be my justification; for a spirited support of *just rights* will never stamp the character of a "bad man." Had *Philographicus* employed his pen against the Chalk Engravers, for so long suffering their profession to be degraded and themselves injured without resistance, I would have been amongst the first to assist him in an endeavour to shame their indolence, or pusilanimity.

Having noticed more of the assertions and suppositions

of this writer than lay claim to attention, let me now examine his reasoning, and here his conclusions will be found equally vague and groundles.

How the witticism of Dr. Garth (which I believe belongs to Dr. Ratcliffe) relates either to me or Mr. Landseer, I cannot divine, and consequently know not how to answer. To Mr. Clark I give all due praise, and rejoice in an opportunity of adding my mite to a nation's gratitude: but does it follow that because this gentleman conceived the idea of breaking the enemy's line, and thereby cutting off a part of their ships, or compelling them to a general action, that he is therefore capable of giving lectures on *all* the parts of navigation. It is said that a monk by some chemical process discovered the art of making gunpowder; but did this enable him to instruct men in the art of war, or teach generals how to conduct a campaign? the inventor of gunpowder, and Mr. Clark made great discoveries, but what discovery in art has Mr. Landseer made? Had the monk or Mr. Clark presumptively pretended to instruct mankind on subjects they were ignorant of, and thereby injured men infinitely their superiors, they would deserve the same castigation Mr, Landseer has met with.

I give Mr, Landseer credit for all the mechanical powers of an engraver in the fullest extent; he can cut a clear line; he can lay his lines parallel to each other; he can vary their distances, and carry them in any direction with taste; he can produce the most perfect evenness of tone, and variety of workmanship; he can give the most delicate lights, and the utmost depth of shadow. I am told his etchings in landscape bear evident marks of taste and judgment, and his vignette landscape subjects have received the public approbation. Possessing these powers, why is not this gentleman a great historical and portrait engraver, when so far as the workman goes he combines all that is required? after those requisites what is wanting to complete the finished artist? why drawing, judgment, science, in short the painter's knowledge; does he possess those requisites? The portrait and historical subjects I have formerly mentioned do not answer in the affirmative, even supposing them to be executed by himself; but if he is compelled to apply to others to supply his own deficiencies, what claim can he have to science as an historical or portrait engraver? Possessing what he does, if he wants that science in works avowedly

his own, how can he pretend to impart it to others? But will *Philographicus* or any other man come forward and say that Mr. Landseer has had such an education as an artist as qualifies him for the arduous employment of an historical engraver, or for an instructer of mankind in so difficult a department in art? I am told that he sketches landscape from nature with great elegance; so far then I will grant he is capable of giving instruction. If by fortuitous circumstances Mr. Landseer has gained a credit which his abilities are incapable of supporting, and that credit is employed in degrading my profession, I am justified in bringing him to his proper level, that I may be more able to cope with him, for it need not be proved how small a portion of mankind think for themselves, and how many of them rest their opinions on the authority of others.

The dragging in of Sir Joshua Reynolds is equally foreign to the purpose; this great man had really studied the antique, had drawn from it, and had conceived, and made good use of its beauties, as numbers of the attitudes of his portraits and historical figures will fully prove. The drawing of the head of his *Count Ugolino* may vie with the drawing of the *Laacoon*; and had Mr. Landseer engraved this head (I do not mean had he only put his name to it) *in any manner* equally well with Mr. Dixon, I would have been among the first to have paid homage to his abilities; and would have admitted that he had great claims to the throne of criticism in his art, and whilst he abstained from wantonly injuring unpresuming, and inoffensive men, with pleasure would have borne a willing testimony to his real merits. But independent of drawing, Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the greatest masters of effect and colouring the world has produced.—What claims has Mr. Landseer to put in competition with those of the honoured name of Reynolds? or what has he to support him in becoming a lecturer on the art of engraving?

Mr. Paine Knight's principles of taste I have not had the pleasure of reading, and consequently can neither say what he has done or ought to do; but of the committees of taste in the house of commons, I will boldly affirm, that had that respectable body contained men who had modelled monuments themselves, they would have been more competent to judge of the models of others, and that artists who have been favoured by their decisions,

would not have disgraced the present age in the eyes of posterity.

This curious correspondent of yours, in imitation of his leader Mr. Landseer, sneers at the mode of engraving I defend, and equally consistent with him, concludes his last paragraph but one in admitting a very principal part of what I shall contend for; and as he takes just as great liberties with the lecturer as with myself, he makes him admit it too: As a proof take the following extract; "but I think you may infer from what he (Mr. L.) has already published, that his opinion does not materially differ from my own, which may be expressed by a slight alteration of a celebrated couplet of Pope:

> "For *modes* of sculpturing let *Fools* contest,
> That which is *best administered* is *best*."

I most seriously declare this to be more than I expected from *Philographicus*. He has exalted the art from mechanical dexterity into a science; and with avidity do I seize this opportunity of paying my regards to his merit, where his judgment has *for once* taken the lead of his asperity.

I now take my leave of *Philographicus*, I hope for ever, in my own defence I am justified in having shewn what he is.——"*to hear both sides*" is a demand that your impartiality cannot reject; but, sir, I shall not consider myself bound in future to lose my time in combating the flimsy arguments, or exposing the gross falsehoods of your wrathful correspondent: but to shew that I bear him all possible good will, I will give him this necessary and useful advice at parting.

> "O while you live Coz, tell Truth and shame the devil."

On taking leave of you, sir, I wish to notice an error of your compositor, who has mistaken the word acts for arts in the apology: this I believe might rather proceed from the ill formation of my letters, than from his inattention.

THE APOLOGIST
for the Chalk manner of Engraving.

THE MANNER OF LIVING IN POLAND.

It is rare in a large house, that one sits down to dinner and supper with a less company than thirty or forty persons. At the palace of the Prince Czartoryski, I apprehend that scarcely ever less than fifty persons dine in the hall—a number which is very frequentiy augmented to a hundred, a hundred and fifty, and even three hundred. To sit down alone, with his wife and a friend, perhaps, would be intolerable to a Pole. And when an Englishman, or other persons who might have been in this country, have mentioned to a listening company the custom of England in this particular—and that even persons of the first consequence both for rank and wealth, would often sit down to dinner, simply a man and wife, or accompanied by a single friend—they have all exclaimed, with the utmost astonishment, *Ah ! comme il est triste.*—how melancholy !

Ordinary wines are the only drink in general use, even by the nobles themselves. When they wish for a different sort of wine, claret is the most usual, a bottle of which is placed near them, and of which they commonly invite some one or more to take part ; it cannot be all. This is rather a ticklish time for the subalterns, in whose countenances may be commonly observed no very sublime conflict of feelings, between their wish to applaud every act of their superior, and their obvious jealously and envy of the favoured individual. The nobles, I have not the slightest doubt, not unfrequently debar themselves from such luxuries in public, that they may avoid exciting a mutual jealousy among those in their service.

On *gala* days, a few glasses of champagne are drunk, at the close of dinner. Other French wines are occasionally produced, and are in the cellars of most of the nobility ; but, on account of the number there would be to partake, they very rarely appear. They are met with only in small and private parties. English bottle-porter is also a *rarity*, as it stands in Poland at the high price of a guinea per dozen.

In these large establishments and parties, it would be unreasonable and even absurd to expect the utmost elegance or comfort, and for very obvious reasons. In smaller families and parties, there is no want either of the one or of the other. Things are always better cooked, and nicer in all respects.

The children of the nobles are educated, for the most part, in their families, where they are provided with the requisite masters. In the times of the republic, the princes and nobles of large fortune educated in their own houses a great number of the children of their needy brethren; and their palaces usually contained schools, like those of our English bishops in times past. The prince Czartoryski had formerly, at all times a considerable number of boys and young men at his court, all of whom he provided with board, clothing, and education, and afterwards situations in life. One day in the week was called the flogging day, on which each offender received the chastisement for misdemeanors committed during the preceding six. In Warsaw, such was the pomp of former Polish manners, that the princess, when she went abroad, was attended by twenty of these young men at once, all on horseback, and who strove to outvie each other in vigilant attention and chivalrous gallantry. It was a point of politeness always contested with peculiar zeal, who should be foremost in handing her highness out of her carriage, and in helping her to ascend.

During the time of dinner, the lofty and magnificent hall is absolutely crowded with servants; among whom may be discovered several Cossacks, with their long whiskers, and in their military uniform. Every person of consequence, too, has his own footman behind his chair, in his peculiar livery; the whole forming a spectacle which forcibly carries back the mind to the pompous periods of feudal grandeur. The servants, on all occasions, are very numerous; I once counted twelve waiting at a dinner-table, at which there were only eight persons dining.

The accommodations in the wings of the Polish mansions are not perhaps quite correspondent with the elegance of the saloons and best apartments. Each wing may be considered as a very long house, not lofty, though with the attic, it has occasionally two stories above the ground floor. Through the centre, longitudinally, on each floor, extends a common passage, into which the several doors, on both sides, of the distinct chambers open. According to the more ancient plan, however, there is a range, in the front of the building, of several common (usually stone) stair-cases, each of which leads, on each floor, to a room both right and left; similar to what is found in

colleges, the inns of court, and the houses of Edinburgh.

The apartments themselves are remarkable neither for ornament, for furniture, nor comfort. They are adapted, in general, for single persons; more rarely for two. Their common dimensions are those of a pretty good-sized bed-room, and may be from 12 to 15 feet by 10 or 12. If designed for two, they may be still larger; or this enlargement may be produced by a considerable recess on one side. The floor of each, though inlaid with inferior workmanship, can scarcely be expected, when the number is so great, to be kept shining and beautiful, as those of the best rooms. It is therefore merely dusted, and occasionally washed; in which state it has no advantage over a common deal floor. The walls in the oldest houses, are simply white-washed, without any sort of ornament.

HIS MAJESTY's DECLARATION.

His Majesty owes to himself and to Europe a frank Exposition of the motives which have dictated his late measures in the Baltic.

His Majesty has delayed this Exposition only in the hope that more amicable arrangements with the Court of Denmark, which it was his Majesty's first wish and endeavour to obtain, for which he was ready to make great efforts and great sacrifices, and of which he never lost sight, even in the moment of the most decisive hostility.

Deeply as the disappointment of this hope has been felt by his Majesty, he has the consolation of reflecting that no exertion was left untried on his part to produce a different result. And while he laments the cruel necessity which has obliged him to have recourse to acts of hostility against a nation, with which it was his Majesty's most earnest desire to have established the relations of common interest and alliance; his Majesty feels confident that, in the eyes of Europe and of the world, the justification of his conduct will be found in the commanding and indispensable duty, paramount to all others amongst

the obligations of a Sovereign, of providing, while there was yet time, for the immediate security of his people.

His Majesty had received the most positive information of the determination of the present Ruler of France, to occupy, with a military force, the territory of Holstein, for the purpose of excluding Great Britain from all her accustomed channels of communication with the Continent; of inducing or compelling the Court of Denmark to close the passage of the Sound against the British commerce and navigation; and of availing himself of the aid of the Danish Marine for the invasion of Great Britain and of Ireland.

Confident as his Majesty was of the authenticity of the sources from which this intelligence was derived, and confirmed in the credit which he gave to it, as well by the notorious and repeated declarations of the enemy, and by his recent occupation of the towns and territories of other neutral States, as by the preparations actually made for collecting a hostile force upon the frontiers of his Danish Majesty's Continental dominions, his Majesty would yet willingly have forborne to act upon this intelligence, until the complete and practical disclosure of the plan had been made manifest to all the world.

His Majesty did forbear, as long as there could be a doubt of the urgency of the danger, or a hope of an effectual counteraction to it, in the means or in the dispositions of Denmark.

But his Majesty could not but recollect that when, at the close of the former war, the Court of Denmark engaged in a hostile confederacy against Great Britain, the apology offered by that Court for so unjustifiable an abandonment of a neutrality which his Majesty had never ceased to respect, was founded on its avowed inability to resist the operation of external influence, and the threats of a formidable neighbouring power. His Majesty could not but compare the degree of influence, which at that time determined the decision of the Court of Denmark, in violation of positive engagements, solemnly contracted but six months before, with the increased operation which France had now the means of giving to the same principle of intimidation, with kingdoms prostrate at her feet, and with the population of Nations under her banners.

Nor was the danger less imminent than certain. Already the army destined for the invasion of Holstein was assembling on the violated territory of neutral Ham-

burgh. And, Holstein once occupied, the island of Zealand was at the mercy of France, and the navy of Denmark at her disposal.

It is true, a British force might have found its way into the Baltic, and checked for a time the movements of the Danish Marine. But the season was approaching when that precaution would no longer have availed; and when his Majesty's fleet must have retired from that sea, and permitted France, in undisturbed security to accumulate the means of offence against his Majesty's dominions.

Yet, even under these circumstances, in calling upon Denmark for the satisfaction and security which his Majesty was compelled to require, and in demanding the only pledge by which that security could be rendered effectual—the temporary possession of that fleet, which was the chief inducement to France for forcing Denmark into hostilities with Great Britain;—his Majesty accompanied this demand with the offer of every condition which could tend to reconcile it to the interests and to the feelings of the Court of Denmark.

It was for Denmark herself to state the terms and stipulations which she might require.

If Denmark was apprehensive that the surrender of her fleet would be resented by France as an act of connivance, his Majesty had prepared a force of such formidable magnitude, as must have made concession justifiable even in the estimation of France, by rendering resistance altogether unavailing.

If Denmark was really prepared to resist the demands of France, and to maintain her independence; his Majesty proffered his co-operation for her defence, naval, military, and pecuniary aid, the guarantee of her European territories, and the security and extension of her colonial possessions.

That the sword has been drawn in the execution of a service indispensable to the safety of his Majesty's dominions, is matter of sincere and painful regret to his Majesty. That the state and circumstances of the world are such as to have required and justified the measures of self-preservation, to which his Majesty has found himself under the necessity of resorting, is a truth which his Majesty deeply deplores, but for which he is in no degree reponsible.

His Majesty has long carried on a most unequal contest of scrupulous forbearance against unrelenting violence and oppression. But that forbearance has its bounds. When the design was openly avowed and already but too far advanced towards its accomplishment, of subjecting the Powers of Europe to one universal usurpation, and of combining them by terror or by force in a confederacy against the Maritime Rights and political existence of this kingdom, it became necessary for his Majesty to anticipate the success of a system, not more fatal to his interests than to those of the Powers who were destined to be the instruments of its execution.

It was time that the effects of that dread which France had inspired into the nations of the world, should be counteracted by an exertion of the power of Great Britain, called for by the exigency of the crisis, and proportioned to the magnitude of the danger.

Notwithstanding the declaration of war on the part of the Danish Government, it still remains for Denmark to determine, whether war shall continue between the two nations. His Majesty still proffers an amicable arrangement. He is anxious to sheathe the sword which he has been most reluctantly compelled to draw. And he is ready to demonstrate to Denmark, and to the world, that having acted solely upon the sense of what was due to the security of his own dominions, he is not desirous, from any other motive, or for any object of advantage or aggrandizement, to carry measures of hostility beyond the limits of the necessity which has produced them.

Westminster, Sept. 25, 1807.

MHER-UL-NISSA,

WIFE OF THE MOGUL EMPEROR JEHANGIRE,

Was the daughter of Chaja Aiass, a native of the Western Tartary, who left that country to push his fortune in Hindostan, the usual resource of the needy Tartars of the north. He left home privately, with only one sorry horse, and a very small sum of money, the produce of his effects. Placing his wife upon the horse, he walk-

ed by her side. She happened to be pregnant, and could ill endure the fatigues of so great a journey. This scanty pittance of money was soon expended, they had even subsisted some days upon charity, when they arrived on the skirts of the great solitudes, which separate Tartary from the dominions of the family of Timur, in India. No house was there to cover them from the inclemency of the weather; no hand to relieve their wants. To return was certain misery; to proceed, apparent destruction. They had fasted three days, and to complete their distress a daughter was born to them. No travellers appeared, night was coming on, the place was the haunt of wild beasts. Chaja Aiass, in this extremity, having placed his wife on the horse, found himself so much exhausted he could hardly move. To carry the child was impossible; the mother could not even hold herself fast on the horse. A long contest began between humanity and necessity: the latter prevailed, and they agreed to expose the child on the highway. The infant, covered with leaves, was left under a tree, and the disconsolate parents proceeded in tears. But when they had advanced about a mile from the place, and the eyes of the mother could no longer distinguish the tree under which she had left her daughter, she gave way to grief, and throwing herself from the horse on the ground, exclaimed, "my child! my child!" She endeavoured to raise herself, but had not strength to move. Aiass was pierced to the heart. He prevailed upon his wife to sit down. He promised to bring her the infant. He returned to the place; but no sooner had his eyes reached the child, than he was almost struck dead with horror. A black snake was coiled round it; and Aiass believed he beheld him extending his fatal jaws to devour the infant. The father rushed forward. The serpent, alarmed at his vociferation, retired into the hollow tree. He took up his daughter unhurt, and returned to the mother; and, as he was informing her of the wonderful escape of the infant, some travellers appeared, and soon relieved them from all their wants. They proceeded gradually to Lahore, where the Emperor Akbar kept his court. Here he had the good fortune to find a distant relation of his, one of that monarch's principal omrahs, who made him his secretary; and his ability and diligence being remarked by the emperor, he soon rose to be high treasurer of the empire.

The daughter who had been born to him in the desert, received, soon after his arrival at Lahore, the name of Mher-ul-Nissa, or the sun of women. She had some right to the appellation; for in beauty she excelled all the ladies of the East. She was educated with the utmost care and attention. In music, in dancing, poetry, and painting, she had no equal among her sex. Her disposition was volatile, her wit lively and satirical, her spirit lofty and uncontrouled. Selim, the prince royal, visited her father one day, and the ambitious Mher-ul-Nissa aspired to captivate him. The ladies, according to custom, being introduced after the public entertainment was over, she sung and displayed all her accomplishments. The prince was in raptures; and, her veil dropping, the sight of her face completed the conquest.

She had been betrothed by her father to Shere Afkun, a Turcomanian nobleman of great renown. The prince applied to his father, who refused to commit an act of injustice, though in favour of the heir of his throne, and she became the wife of Afkun. During the life of the emperor, the prince durst make no open attack upon his fortunate rival; but the courtiers worshipped the rising sun: Shere Afkun became disgusted, and retired into the province of Bengal, where he obtained from the suba of that country the superintendance of the district of Burdwan. From thence, however, he was recalled on the death of Akbar. Selim was afraid to deprive the omrah forcibly of his wife; and Shere, inflexible in his determination to retain her. Naturally high spirited and proud, and of uncommon valour, having gained his name by killing a lion, he could not yield to indignity and public shame.

Selim, or rather Jehangire, for he took that name on his accession to the throne, was at Delhi, when he recalled Shere Afkun, and received him graciously; who, naturally open and generous, suspected not the emperor's intentions; time, he thought, had erased the memory of Mher-ul-Nissa from his mind. But he was deceived, the monarch was resolved to remove his rival; but the means he used were at once foolish and disgraceful. He appointed a hunt, and ordered the haunt of an enormous tiger to be explored. The ground was surrounded on all sides, and the party began to move towards the cave. The tiger was roused; and the em-

peror proposed, that one amongst them should encounter him singly. Three of the omrahs offered; but Shere Afkun, ashamed to be outdone, offered to fight him without any weapons, and though, the emperor made a shew of dissuading him, the combat fell to his share, and he conquered. But scarce was he recovered from his wounds, when a plan was laid to tread him to death by an elephant, as if by accident, but this again was foiled; and whether the emperor felt remorse for his behaviour, or that his passion for Mher-ul-Nissa was lessened, no attempt was made for the space of six months against the life of Shere, who retired to the capital of Bengal. But the designs of the monarch were no secret to Kuttub, suba of Bengal, who, to ingratiate himself with the emperor, though not it is believed by his orders, hired forty ruffians to attack and murder Shere in his bed. But this villainous plan was rendered abortive, chiefly by his own courage: and Shere retired from the capital of Bengal, to his old residence at Burdwan. There he hoped to live in peace and obscurity, with his beloved Mher-ul-Nissa. But Kuttub had been rewarded for his attempt: and, eager still further to please the emperor, he resolved to make the tour of the dependant provinces. In his rout he came to Burdwan; and in a scuffle, occasioned by one of his pikemen intentionally affronting Shere, both he and the latter were slain.

Mher-ul- Nissa seemed not to feel so much sorrow as she ought; ambition stifling her feelings: for in vindication of her apparent insensibility, she pretended to follow the injunctions of her deceased husband; alledging that Shere, foreseeing his own fall by Jehangire, had conjured her to yield to the wishes of that monarch without hesitation. The reasons which she gave for this improbable request were, that he was afraid his own exploits would sink into oblivion, without they were connected with the remarkable event of giving an empress to India.

Here, however, her ambition received a very unexpected check. She was sent, with all imaginable care, to Delhi, and received kindly by the emperor's mother; but Jehangire refused to see her. He gave orders that she should be shut up in one of the worst apartments of the seraglio; and allowed her but fourteen anas (about two shillings) a day, for the subsistence of herself and

some female slaves. Whether his mind was tormented by remorse, or then fixed upon another object, authors do not agree. But the emperor's mother, who was deeply interested for Mher-ul-Nissa, could not prevail upon her son to see her; and, when she spoke of the widow of Shere, he turned away in silence,

Mher-ul-Nissa was a woman of haughty spirit, and could not brook this treatment. She gave herself up for some time, to grief, abundantly, and perhaps really, for the loss of her husband; for her ambitious hopes thus unexpectedly blasted, she could not but reflect with regret on a brave man, whose sufferings and whose death she was passively the occasion of. But at length she was reconciled to her condition, and an expedient offered itself to her active mind, to raise her own reputation, and to support herself and slaves with more decency, than the scanty pittance allowed her would admit. She called forth her invention and taste, in working some admirable pieces of tapestry and embroidery, in painting silks with exquisite delicacy, and in inventing female ornaments of every kind. These articles were carried by her slaves, to the different squares of the royal seraglio, and to the harams of the great officers of the empire. The inventions of Mher-ul-Nissa excelled so much in their kind, that they were bought with the greatest avidity. Nothing was fashionable among the ladies of Delhi and Agra, but the work of her hands. She accumulated, by these means, a considerable sum of money, with which she repaired and beautified her apartments, and clothed her slaves in the richest tissues and embroideries, while she herself wore a very plain and simple dress.

In this situation she remained four years, without once having seen the emperor. Her fame reached his ears from every apartment in the seraglio. Curiosity, at length, overcame his resolution. He resolved to surprise her; and, communicating his resolution to none, he suddenly entered her apartments, where he found every thing so elegant and magnificent, that he was struck wtth amazement. But the greatest ornament of the whole was Mher-ul-Nissa herself: she lay, half, reclined on an embroidered sopha, in a plain dress. Her slaves sat in a circle around her, at work, attired in rich brocades. She slowly arose, in manifest confusion; and received the emperor with the usual ceremony of touching first the ground, then her forehead with her right

hand. She did not utter one word; but stood with her eyes fixed on the ground, while Jehangire remained silently admiring her stature, grace, and beauty.

As soon as he recovered from his confusion, he sat down on the sopha, and requested her to sit by his side. The first question he asked, was, "why the difference between the appearance of Mher-ul-Nissa and her slaves?" She very shrewdly replied, "those born to servitude must dress as it shall please those whom they serve. These are my servants; and I alleviate the burden of bondage by every indulgence in my power. But I, that am your slave, O emperor of the Moguls, must dress according to your pleasure, and not my own." Though this answer was a kind of sarcasm on his behaviour, it was so pertinent and well-timed that it greatly pleased Jehangire. His former affection returned, with all its violence; and, the next day, public orders were issued to prepare a magnificent festival, for his nuptials with Mher-ul-Nissa. Her name was also changed, by an edict, into Noor-Mahil, or Light of the Seraglio. The emperor's former favourites vanished before her; and, during the rest of his reign, she bore the chief sway in all the affairs of the empire.

The great power of Noor-Mahil appeared, for the first time, in the immediate advancement of her family. Her father, who, in the latter end of the reign of Acbar, had been treasurer of the empire, was raised to the office of absolute visier and first minister; her two brothers, to the first rank of nobility. Her numerous relations poured in from Tartary, upon hearing the fortune of the house of Aiass; some of them were gratified with high employments, all with lucrative ones. The writers of Hindostan remark, that no family ever rose so suddenly, or so deservedly, as that of Chaja Aiass; for they were not dazzled by their sudden greatness, but acted with probity, honour, and moderation; and the name of her father, in particular, is still remembered in Hindostan with affection and gratitude. The empire was a gainer by the estrangement of Jehangire from public affairs; for the new visier was an enlightened patriot, and indefatigable in promoting every useful art, and the strictest administration of justice.

In the East, glory is so connected with power and magnificence, that an ambitious mind, even under the influence of a good understanding, can see nothing else.

to aim at. Noor-Mahil introduced such luxury and magnificence, that expensive pageants and sumptuous entertainments became the whole business of the court. The voice of music never ceased by day in the streets; the sky was enlightened at night by fireworks and illuminations; her name was joined with that of the emperor on the current coin; she was the spring which moved the machine of state; her family took place immediately after the princes of the blood, and were admitted into the most secret apartments of the seraglio.

She for the most part ruled the emperor with absolute sway: an edict was issued, to change her name from that of Noor-Mahil to that of Noor-Jehân, or Light of the World. To distinguish her from the other wives of the emperor, she was always addressed by the title of *Shahe*, or empress.

On the death of her father, about 1627, the empress was inconsolable. She proposed, at once, as a proof of her affection and magnificence, to perpetuate his memory in a monument of solid silver; but, being convinced so precious a metal would not be the most lasting means of transmitting his memory to posterity, she dropt her purpose, and a magnificent fabric of stone was erected in Agra. He was succeeded by her brother, whose daughter Shaw Jehân, one of the princes, had lately married, and who was the mother of the famous, but unworthy, Aureugzebe. The ambitious designs of Shaw Jehân, though hid with great cunning, were discovered by the penetrating eye of the empress, who, warning the emperor of him, he was convinced, though too late to be sufficiently aware of the baseness of his disposition. She is said, by opposite writers to have had another cause also for decyphering his character. Shariar, the fourth son of Jehangire, was married to her daughter, by her former husband, and she wished to fix the succession on him. She is said to have obtained a promise to this effect from the emperor; and this is alledged as a reason for the revolt raised by Shaw Jehân. It is certain, at least, that this revolt caused the emperor to punish his obstinately rebellious son, by excluding him; and the complaints of the latter, against Noor-Jehân, only found credit with the superficial, since he had already put to death a brother in cold blood. After much bloodshed, and many turns of fortune, this son was subdued and pardoned.

Mohabat, a brave man, to whom this fortunate conclusion of the war was in great degree owing, was at first greatly caressed by the emperor; but having many enemies, among whom had long been the sultana and her brother, one Chan Chanan, who imputed the death of his son to Mohabat, accused him of high treason; and the accusation getting to the emperor's ears, who was naturally suspicious, he enquired into it, and finding some things which gave colour to the report, forgot the services of that general, and ordered him to court. He went, but with but five thousand men to protect him. He was ordered to account, before he presented himself to the emperor, for some part of his conduct; and, enraged at the affront, sent his son-in-law to complain of it. But the emperor sent the young man back with great indignity. Determined to secure himself, and to be revenged, Mohabat surprised Jehangire in his tent, took him prisoner; and, though with a show of respect, made him obey his wishes implicitly.

The sultana had made her escape in the mean time; but, Mohabat, who considered her as partly the source of his disgrace, determined to get her in his power. She was the messenger of the disaster to her brother, and consulted with him on the properest means of rescuing the emperor, whose attendants she vehemently accused of negligence and cowardice. The emperor sent them word to desist; but, as he was under the influence of Mohabat, who still held him prisoner, they did not think themselves obliged to obey. They had to fight the enemy, at a great disadvantage. The sultana was not a tame spectator of the battle. Mounted on an elephant, she plunged into the stream with her daughter by her side. The young lady was wounded in the arm; but her mother pressed forward. Three of her elephant drivers were successively killed; and the elephant received three wounds in the trunk. She, in the mean time, emptied four quivers of arrows on the enemy, whose soldiers pressed into the stream to seize her; but the master of her household, mounting the elephant, turned him away, and carried her out of the river, notwithstanding her threats and commands. The imperialists behaved with great gallantry, and gained ground, but were in the end repulsed with great slaughter. They dispersed, and the sultana found means to escape to Lahore. Mohabat invited the visier to the camp, with assurances of safety, but he would not trust him; with

Noor Jehan he was more successful. She was scarcely arriven at Lahore, when she received letters from the emperor. He acquainted her that he was treated with respect by Mohabat, and that matters were amicably settled between them. He conjured her, therefore, as she regarded his peace and safety, to lay aside all hostile preparations, and to follow him to Cabul, where of his own free choice he directed his march. Noor Jehân did not long hesitate. When she arrived, troops were sent out by Mohabat, by way of doing her honour. But they were her keepers, and not her guards; they surrounded her tent, and watched her motions. Having got her in his power, Mohabat soon threw off the mask, and accused her publicly of treason. He affirmed, that she had conspired against the empe or, by estranging from him the hearts of his subjects; that her haughtiness was the source of public calamities, her malignity the ruin of many individuals; that the most cruel and unwarrantable actions had been done, from her capricious orders in every part of the empire; that she had even extended her views to the throne, by favouring the succession of Shariar, under whose feeble administration she hoped to govern India at pleasure. He therefore insisted that she should be made an example of. "You, who are emperor of the Moguls!" said he to Jehangire, "whom we look upon as something more than human, ought to follow the example of God, who has no respect to persons."

Jehangire felt his situation, and signed the warrant for her death.—The dreadful message was delivered to the sultana; she heard it without emotion. "Imprisoned sovereigns," said she, "lose their right to life with their freedom; but permit me for once to see the emperor, and to bathe with my tears the hand that has sealed my doom." She was brought before her husband, in the presence of Mohabat. When in his sight, Jehangire was again sensible of the charms which lost ther force in absence. Her beauty shone with additional lustre through her sorrow. She uttered not one word, Jehangire burst into tears: "will you not spare this woman, Mohabat?" said he, "you see how she weeps." Mohabat answered, "the emperor of the Moguls should never ask in vain." The guards retired from her, at a wave of his hand; and she was restored that instant to her former attendants.

Mohabat had now all but the outward pomp of power; and, under the name of the emperor, who seemed

to have forgotten all resentment, governed the kingdom for six months: but Noor Jehân was busied in schemes, which she concealed even from his penetrating eyes. He was attacked, in the city of Cabul, one morning, when he was coming to pay his respects to the emperor. In revenge, he blocked up the city; and the principal inhabitants laying all the blame on the rabble, came out in the most suppliant manner to Mohabat. Jehangire, who disclaimed all knowledge of it, interceded for them, and only the most notorious ringleaders were punished. This project was defeated, but he determined to resign his power; and, after obtaining the most solemn promises of oblivion from the emperor, he did so. But he had gone too far to retreat. The weak forget, but the haughty never forgive indignities. The sultana kept fresh in her memory her disgrace, and remembered her danger. She applied to Jehangire for his immediate death. "A man," said she, "who is so daring as to seize the person of his sovereign, is a dangerous subject. The lustre of royalty must be diminished in the eyes of the people, whilst he who pulled his prince from the throne is permitted to kneel before it with feigned allegiance." Jehangire was shocked at her proposal, and commanded her to be silent.

She appeared to acquiesce; but, from fears and injuries, Mohabat was driven again into rebellion, and the emperor dying during the contest, we hear no more of Noor-Jehân.

OTWAY's ORPHAN.

THE plot of this celebrated tragedy, though generally supposed to be invented by the author, is taken from a fact related in a very scarce pamphlet (of which, I believe, only two copies are now to be found) entitled *English Adventures*, published in 1667. The following are the particulars:—

The father of *Charles Brandon*, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, retired, on the death of his lady, to the borders of Hampshire. His family consisted of two sons, and a young lady, the daughter of a friend lately deceased, whom he adopted as his own child.

This lady, being singularly beautiful, as well as amiable in her manners, attracted the affections of both the brothers. The elder, however, was the favourite, and he privately married her; which the younger not knowing, and overhearing an appointment of the lovers to meet the next night in her bedchamber. he contrived to get his brother otherwise employed, and made the signal of admission himself (thinking it a mere intrigue). Unfortunately, he succeeded.

On a discovery, the lady lost her reason, and soon after died. The two brothers fought, and the elder fell. The father broke his heart in a few months afterwards. The younger brother. Charles Brandon, the unintentional author of all this family misery, quitted England in despair, with a fixed determination of never returning.

Being abroad for several years, his nearest relations supposed him dead, and began to take the necessary steps for obtaining his estates; when, rouzed by this intelligence, he returned privately to England, and for a time took obscure lodgings in the vicinity of his family mansion.

While he was in this retreat, the young king (Henry VIII), who had just buried his father, was one day hunting on the borders of Hampshire, when he heard the cries of a female in distress in an adjoining wood. His gallantry immediately summoned him to the place, though he then happened to be detached from all his courtiers; where he saw two ruffians attempting to violate the honour of a young lady. The king instantly drew on them; and a scuffle ensued, which roused the *reverie* of Charles Brandon, who was taking his morning's walk in an adjoining thicket: he immediately ranged himself on the side of the king. whom he then did not know; and by his dexterity soon disarmed one of the ruffians, while the other fled.

The king, charmed with this act of gallantry so congenial to his own mind, inquired the name and family of the stranger; and not only repossessed him of his patrimonial estates, but took him under his immediate protection.

It was this same Charles Brandon who afterwards privately married Henry's sister, Margaret, Queen-dowager of France; which marriage the king not only forgave, but created him Duke of Suffolk, and continued his favour towards him to the last hour of the duke's life.

He died before Henry; and the latter showed in his attachment to this nobleman, that notwithstanding his fits of capriciousness and cruelty, he was capable of a cordial and steady friendship. He was sitting in council when the news of Suffolk's death reached him; and he publicly took that occasion both to express his own sorrow, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased. He declared, that during the whole course of their acquaintance his brother-in-law had not made a single attempt to injure an adversary, and had never whispered a word to the disadvantage of any one; "and are there *any of you*, my Lords, who can say as much?" When the king subjoined these words, (says the historian,) he looked round in all their faces, and saw that confusion which the consciousness of secret guilt naturally threw upon them.

Otway took his plot from the *fact* related in this pamphlet; but to avoid perhaps interfering in a circumstance which might affect many noble families at that time living, he laid the scene of his tragedy in Bohemia.

There is a large painting of the above incident now at Woburn, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Bedford; and the old Duchess-dowager, in shewing this picture a few years before her death to a nobleman, related all the particulars of the story.

The character of *Antonio* in the above play (an old debauched senator, raving about *plots* and political intrigues) is supposed to have been intended for that celebrated character, *Anthony* the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

POPE,

His Royal Highness, Frederick Prince of Wales did him the honour of dining with him at Twickenham; when the poet, perhaps exerting himself too much on the occasion, fell fast asleep immediately after dinner. Lord Bolingbroke, confounded at this circumstance, wished to wake him; but the Prince, with great condescension, prevented him, saying: "No, no, my Lord; we should accommodate ourselves to the infirmities of such a man as Mr. Pope."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

Lectures on Scripture Facts. By the Rev. William Benge Collyer. 8*vo. pp.* 594. 12*s. boards.*

This gentleman is among those preachers and writers who seldom comprehend their own meaning, and who therefore cannot be presumed to convey very distinct ideas to others. Fortunately the congregations which usually assemble under this class of declaimers, are sufficiently satisfied if they have, what is termed amongst them, 'a good *hearing*,' and glossing the whole over with the term *evangelical*, they go home as well satisfied with the preacher, as the preacher is with himself, and to be more so is not often necessary, nor perhaps often possible.

In these Lectures we have the most common-place sentiments, dressed up in a profusion of gaudy and affected ornaments; with this is mingled much of that sound without sense, and phrase without meaning, which too often pervade the discourses of those who assume to themselves the exclusive title of *Gospel Preachers.*

The following passage which we give as a specimen of the style, was probably considered by this Lecturer as very sublime: No doubt it made the old women stare, they had possibly never heard any thing *so fine.*

"Is there a spirit in man?

"1, How high is his destination! It was not designed to be immured in these walls of flesh for ever. The harps of angels invite us to our rest. Departed saints attract us forwards. The voice of God himself calls us home. It is the combined testimony of the scriptures, of reason, of conscience, that this immaterial principle is destined for the enjoyment of God for ever. He who buries his expectations here, forgets his dignity. Like his divine Lord, the Christian passes through this world in the shape of a servant, in the world of spirits he shall appear in all the majesty of an Heir of glory. Yonder sun shall be extinguished; those stars shall fade; the beauties of the creation shall be blotted out; the trump of God shall announce the dissolution of Nature; the Heavens shall be wrapped together as a scroll, all shall be consumed; all shall be destroyed; the whole globe shall be a mass of ruins; but at that instant the concealing curtain shall fall; the new creation shall

burst upon the enraptured sight; the redeemed spirit shall be put in possession of its everlasting habitation, and the man shall enjoy God for ever.—Such is the high destination."

This affected style which apes to be eloquent, is as distant from all true taste as it is from all real meaning. But before we conclude we will dissect this passage in order that others may be enabled to estimate the value of this sort of declamation.

"*It is the combined testimony of the scriptures, of reason, of conscience, that this immaterial principle is destined for the enjoyment of God for ever.*" With the meaning of the phrase 'enjoyment of happiness or of heaven' we are well acquainted, but we know not, nor does any one else know the meaning of the phrase 'the enjoyment of God,' it would well become all who addresses a congregation from the pulpit, not to profane the name of the MOST HIGH GOD, by using it in a manner thus unmeaning and familiar.——'He *who buries his expectation here forgets his dignity*,'---this is true, but this remark is obviously taken from another writer, of different sentiments from the lecturer himself, for he can never consistently talk of the *dignity* of Man, who is perpetually preaching up his *original corruption*. When Mr. Collyer, in future, declaims against the *natural depravity* of Man, it may be useful to him to recollect his own words he *forgets his* DIGNITY.——'*Like his divine Lord, the Christian passes through this world in the shape of a Servant.*'---That the character of a christian is to be known by his *shape* we never before knew, or wherein the *shape* of the servant differs from that of the master, we are at a loss to tell, that the *character* of the true christian will manifest that meekness and *humility* of mind which his Divine Lord exhibited, seems to be the sentiment intended to be expressed, if it had been put in the *shape* of common sense.---'*Yonder Sun shall be extinguished; those stars shall fade.*'---The Lecturer seems to forget that he could not point to both the Sun and Stars at the same instant, as they would not both be visible at the same time;---'*The Trump of God shall announce the dissolution of Nature.*' It is said in the Scriptures, that the *trumpet* shall sound, but Mr. Collyer should have known that the *trump* is a quite different instrument; it is *the Jew's harp*, and is the ancient term by which that instrument was known, and is known at present by all who are conversant with the subject.---'*All shall be consumed, all shall be destroyed, the whole Globe shall be a mass of ruins.*'—

This is saying the same thing three times over; 'but *at the same instant the concealing curtain shall fall*,' thus it seems that after *all* shall be consumed, and *all* shall be destroyed, there will still be *a curtain* left, and this curtain is to fall for the purpose of *concealing* the *nothing* that remains.

There are still defects in abundance, both in the matter and the manner of these Lectures, if we were inclined to point them out, but *the concealing curtain shall fall.*

Fashionable World Reformed. By Philokosmos. 2*s.* 6*d.* 12*mo. Wilson, St. Paul's Church Yard,* 1807.

These remarks are the suggestions of an intelligent and active mind; and we hope the *fashionable world* will attend to the author's observations and "*reform* it altogether." This little tract contains 1 *Reflections on Comedy*; 2 on Tragedy; 3 on the Managers and performers; 4 on politeness in Company, on Dress, and on Behaviour at Public Amusements; 5 on Polite Conversation in Company; 6 on Politeness in Religion, and against Superstition; on Devotion, and on proper behaviour at Public Worship.

We shall be glad to receive a few more hints from so sensible a writer as Philokosmos. His remarks on Tragedy will be found in another department of our work.

Rhymes, original and translated; chiefly in the Epigrammatic Style. By Fleming John Brisco. 12*mo.* 5*s. Richardson,* 1807.

The Author apologizes for the length of his preface; but it contains so much good criticism, and so just an estimate of the merits of many eminent authors, that we found it rather brief than tedious, and were sorry when we reached the end of it.

"The Volume (says Mr. Brisco) is chiefly Epigrammatic; but to that epithet I attach every meaning that the ancient or modern world have ever affixed to it. Those pieces which strictly answer the idea an English reader forms of an epigram, I have numbered; but a Greek, or Roman, would, with few exceptions, style my whole Volume, Epigrammatic."

The epigrams are of all kinds, good, bad, indifferent, and excellent. Take two or three for a specimen:

Tom steals old author's writings leaf by leaf,
For the same purpose as old gold the thief;
Which each may claim, to modern shape coin'd down,
As theirs, and pass as current through the town.

Lucinda writes a foolish tale;
The story's trite, the thoughts are stale;
The mottos then are good, and why?
Because they none of them apply.

You think he's judging what you said,
When Tom in silence shakes his head:
The cause of this you much mistake,
Its weakness makes his noddle shake.

There is nothing so difficult to write as an epigram. We have therefore very few epigrams that are good. In this Volume which consists of 174 pages, there are of course many choice specimens;---but if the author had been satisfied with fewer examples, his work would have possessed more uniform excellence.

Eversfield Abbey. 3 *Vols.* 9*s.* *Crosby and Co.* 1807.

The style of this novel is good, and the moral unexceptionable. The incidents are recommended by probability and the interest well preserved; but in contrasting the two characters of Agnes Eversfield and Mary Hotham, the author has a little "o'erstepp'd the modesty of nature," such extreme cases very rarely occur.

The Impenetrable Secret; Find it out. By Francis Lathom. 12*mo*, 6*s.* 2 *Vols.* *Lane and Co.*

This is indeed a *Secret* worth the *finding out.* The mystery is concealed with extraordinary ingenuity, but though it is not *penetrable* 'till we arrive nearly at the last page of the volume, the interest is kept alive from the beginning of the work; and the consistency of the whole story is in no instance violated. Mr. Lathom is a novelist of the first order.

Human Life; a Poem, in five Parts. Large 8vo. 6*s. Cadell.* 1807.

A *Picture* of Life which reflects very little credit on the delineator. The characters are overcharged; the colouring gaudy and coarse, and the light and shade either too brilliant or too obscure. We got through the five parts with great difficulty.

Oddities and Outlines. By E. M. large 8vo. 2 *vols.* 8*s. Carpenter.*

Ingenious, entertaining, and abounding with interest and variety.

Affection; with other Poems. By Henry Smithers, of the Adelphi. Imperial 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s. Miller,* 1807.

Resumed from page 42.

We gladly resume our account of this beautiful moral and highly interesting poem. Part II. as we observed before, is of a religious nature, and is thus arranged:

"*Affection* traced to its source, the benevolence of God.

"In *Creation*—In the happiness of Paradise—endowing man with powers of reason—with the gift of speech—and in the wonderful conformations of nature.

"In *Providence*—In the common blessings of life—in fitting the mind for perceptions of beauty and sublimity—in fixing so strongly the desire of happiness—in the appointment of a Sabbath of rest—in the sympathetic feelings—in the pleasures of religion—particularly in times of distress—in the support it renders to the martyr at the stake—Apostrophe to England—Bigotry inconsistent with Christianity.

"In *Redemption*.—Commencing with the prophecies and promises—flowing with increasing strength till their accomplishment in the Saviour of the world—What benevolence in his life and actions—at the marriage of Cana—in his mind reproof to his sleeping disciples—at the grave of Lazarus—in the happy effects of Christianity—abolishing human sacrifices—and in promoting all the charities of life—Mary at the sepulchre, an Episode.—On the comforts which Christianity affords in adversity—

under the loss of friends by death.—The deaths of Socrates and Addison compared.

"But the benevolence of the Deity towards the human race shines forth most gloriously in the happiness and durability of heaven, and the new powers with which man will there be invested."

We know not how we can better gratify our readers, or do more essential service to the author, than by quoting a few of, what we conceive to be the most poetical and animated passages. The apostrophe to England, in reference to the bigotry and persecution which prevailed in the reign of Queen Mary, well merits transcription.

"O England! I lament thy trophied page,
Resplendent with each noble, generous deed,
Should thus be sullied with atrocious acts
Unknown to Bramin, or to savage rites;
Shew me within the holy Christian code
One line to justify the barbarous rage
Which Mary's impious reign records in blood,
That moment I abjure the christian faith,
Subvert its altars, lay its priesthood low,
And only look through Nature to my God.
I love Religion, love her holy laws,
Her solemn rites, the music of her choir;
But much I blush, that man, mistaken man,
Hath stain'd her altars, and profaned her cause
With bigot wrath, and mad anathema.
Not to the narrow bounds of sect confined,
Religion, like the high meridian sun,
Sheds its bless'd influence and consoling power
Through every region, and o'er every clime;
But shines with most serene and cheering ray
Where Christ is known, and the one God adored.
When I review the holy Christian faith,
Pure as its author gave the boon to men,
I feel my bosom beat with sacred love:
He bids no more the blazing altars burn,
Or bleeding victim fall beneath the stroke,
He but demands the service of the heart,—
Whether it flow in full, and swelling tones,
From congregated man, or silent rise
In fruitful valley, or in desert waste,
From the lone bosom of the worshipper.

In a strain equally flowing, sweet and affecting, the author describes the *affection* manifested towards man in the *Redemption*:

Redemption, highest note of mortal song,
Who shall dare raise the lofty theme unblamed?

Man placed in Paradise, was there enthroned
In innocence; no conscience then had roar'd
Its mighty thunders to the troubled soul,
Within the chambers of the spotless mind
No impure thought, no unrestrain'd desire,
Had entrance found, till dire ambition sprung,
And Eden ceased to smile:—Then he became
Outcast from bliss, and pleasures unalloy'd;
But ere he left the garden of his God,
Its balmy odours, its refreshing streams,
Its cheerful haunts, the home of his delight,
Mercy, the brightest attribute of heaven,
Temper'd his banishment; and angels brought
The gracious message to the fallen race,
'The woman's seed shall break the serpent's head.'
Primeval promise, kindly, freely given,
Was but the dawning of a glorious day
Of restoration. Patriarchs and Seers,
Enraptured at the theme, have lived, and died:
Time, as he swiftly flew on eagle wing,
Saw the inspired page more richly fraught.
In Abraham, and his seed, the tribes of earth
Shall hail the blessing.—From Judah's throne
The sceptre shall not pass till Shiloh come,
Gathering his willing tribes.—In distant time
Ezekiel saw the mountain cedar yield
Shadows to all beneath.—Holy Isaiah,
With pious lips touch'd by a spark divine,
From heaven's high altar led the promised morn
With gladsome tidings.—Sion, behold thy King!
Lift up thy voice, Jerusalem! O earth,
Break into songs, for your deliverer comes!
Ye mountains! echo back the lofty tones
Till earth's remotest verge shall catch the sound
And hail with glad response. In those bless'd days
The leafless desart with the rose shall bloom,
The lion with the lamb shall sportive play,
And nations learn war's horrid art no more.
Thus the rapt prophets sang through many an age,
Reviving oft the spirits of their race
With the bless'd presage, and the glorious hope.
Hail, Son of God! thou great Immanuel, hail!
Enthroned in happiness, diffusing bliss,
Archangels sounding all their harps to praise,
And every seraph wing'd at thy command,
What could induce thee from the heights of heaven
To bear the scourge, and bleed upon the cross?
'Twas human weal which urged thy downward flight,
Delighted with the sons of earth to dwell.
Well might the shepherds sing the illustrious song,
"Glory to God on high, good will to men;"
Midnight forgot her glooms, and all was light:
The kneeling virgin, and the dazzled sage,
Welcomed alike the heavenly harbinger,
And distant lands, which yet in darkness sleep,

Shall wake to rapture, and partake the joy.
Angels! and ye seraphic hierarchies
Who, ever prompt to execute his will,
Oft through creation dart your boundless way,
Charged with some high commission from his throne;
E'en ye astonish'd gaze with raptured eye,
On this deep mystery of transcendent love:
Eager to search, and happy to proclaim,
The lofty miracle; with guardian wings
Hovering around the chosen heirs of heaven,
Their happiness your most peculiar care.
  Blest habitant of earth, the Saviour came
Fraught with benevolence, and rich in love;
Mark what affection through his actions ran,
How pure his precepts, his commands how kind:
Go, heal the sick—Go, comfort the distress'd—
Bid the bright day burst on the darken'd sight,
And death's stern monarch yield his captives back—
Were the blest mandates of eternal love
When earth received her heavenly visitant:
Well skill'd in every entrance to the heart,
And touch'd with man's infirmities, his life
With genuine sympathy and feeling shone.
If festive gladness bless'd the happy board,
His generous spirit shared the social mirth,
And wrought a miracle, to add to joy.
But was the sinking heart with guilt oppress'd,
How the rich stream of consolation flow'd.
  And O, what love, what undissembled love,
Fill'd his pain'd bosom, when fatigued, o'erpower'd,
His faithful followers sunk in deepest sleep:
Could ye not watch with me one passing hour?
Was all the slighted master's mild rebuke;
And, lest such soft reproof might sound too harsh,
His honied accents pour'd the healing balm:
Full well I know your willing minds would bid
A prompt obedience to my every wish,
But human frailty weighs your spirits down.
  Sweet too the drop that fell from Jesus' eye
When o'er the grave of Lazarus he wept:
Oh, 'twas a lesson from the school of heaven,
To teach affection to the sons of men.
And as the soft refreshing dew of eve
Revives the plant scorch'd by meridian sun,
The sacred influence of a Saviour's tear
Bid the flown spirit to its earthly clay
Return, and animate its form again.
  Through life unchang'd, unwearied, undismay'd,
The suffering Saviour, true to human weal,
Bore stedfast on—the ignominious cross
Witness'd his conquest, and his dying love:
Ah! well might Mary droop beneath her woe!
In many a page the gracious promise shone,
That she should bear a son of high import;

And from the cradle, to maturer age,
His life had every bright assurance given
Of all fulfilment: but when most she thought
To see the child of every cherish'd hope,
Pre-eminent in glory and renown,
Sorrowing, she saw him stretch'd upon the cross,
And weeping, to his lifeless corpse perform'd
The mournful offices that nature claims.
But boast not, Grave, thy momentary reign;
The third, the appointed day, had scarcely dawn'd,
Ere rising from the tomb he burst thy bands,
Regain'd his empire, and resum'd his throne."

These specimens will probably satisfy the reader that Mr. Smithers is a poet of no ordinary merit. His prose is no less animated, just, and instructive: as will be evident from the following excellent comment on part of the passage above extracted:

"Viewing Christianity, divided as it is into numerous sects, and observing, with a sorrowful feeling, the dreadful persecutions with which its professors have stained it, the philosophic mind, on the first view, is disposed to enquire, How can this be? But on a narrow inspection, it may appear probable, that the Almighty author thereof, knowing how prone mankind are to sacrifice all future prospect to present pleasures, may have sanctioned these differences in opinion and in belief, to keep the minds of men alive to the subjects of religion, and prevent its loss to the world. But notwithstanding, differences of opinion might be maintained with moderation and temper.

"I would it were in my power by any arguments I could adduce, any authorities I could quote, or any examples I could bring forward, to counteract that unhappy spirit of bigotry and persecution which so extensively prevails among the various denominations of Christians. It was a favourite sentiment of Dr. Jebb, that "no effort is lost;" perhaps the following observations and facts may have some good effect to promote Christian charity.

"From men of enlightened understanding and sound judgement, who in their researches after truth, have swept away from their hearts the dust of malice, and opposition, it is not concealed that the contrarieties of religion and diversities of belief, which are causes of envy, and of enmity to the ignorant, are, in fact, a manifest demonstration of the power, wisdom, and goodness, of the Supreme Being."—PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE TO GENTOO LAWS.

"The common people among the Chinese, conscious of the numerous ills to which they are liable, are disposed to seek for safeguards on every side. Their minds being once open to credulity, are ready to accept any supernatural assistance offered to them by a new religion, against the violence of power, or the calamities of nature. Their own has nothing exclusive in it; and they would have embraced Christianity in greater numbers, if it could have been associated with other tenets. The Jesuits, who were desirous of permitting with it the ceremonies performed by the Chinese in the halls of their

ancestors, would have been much more successful than their opponents who condemned them; to whom the principal subject of reproach from a pagan at present is, that "*they neglect their forefathers.*"—MACARTNEY, vol. ii.

"Soon after Frederick the Great ascended the throne, he conceived the sublime idea of building a vast pantheon, in which every description of devotion might at an allotted time find its altar. Policy if not genuine charity, induced that sagacious prince to think that tolerance was necessary to the interests as well as the dignity of a nation, and he was desirous of not only seeing his subjects and foreigners worship their God in their own way, but that, like brothers, they should prostrate themselves before him in the same temple. On account of the state of the treasury, Frederick was successfully advised to drop his benign plan, and it was never afterwards resumed." —CARR'S NORTHERN SUMMER, p. 460.

"Cowper wrote occasionally to clerical friends of the established church, and to others among the dissenters. His heart made no difference between them, for it felt towards both the fraternal sensations of true Christianity.

"The biographer of Howard relates that he was less solicitous about modes and opinions, than the internal spirit of piety and devotion: and in his estimate of different religious societies, the circumstances to which he principally attended, were their zeal and sincerity."—AIKIN'S LIFE, p. 19.

"I cannot better conclude these observations than by the following extract from Gilbert Wakefield, which breathes the true spirit of Christianity.

"Those are the only disciples of the benevolent Nazarene, of him who lived and died for the salvation of his brethren; those alone, I say, are the genuine followers of the Son of God, who have felt the influence, and exemplify the effects of this glorious maxim of their teacher, "The love of our neighbour is the fulfilling of the law." Such men disjoined in opinion, but united in heart, amidst all the varieties of sentiment and profession, may be compared to travellers on their way to the same city, separated for a time by roads which divaricate indeed, but are never very distant from each other, and meet with a quick convergency in the same point at last."

The smaller poems on subjects of course less lofty and capacious, bear the same character of ease and elegance. The notes extend to some considerable length; but they will be read with great satisfaction, "as they contain several facts illustrative of the most engaging circumstances in animated nature."

There are several *vignettes* engraved with remarkable delicacy, by Freeman and Schiavonetti, from the designs of Masquerier.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"The Spectre Knight,"

A Glee for Three Voices, composed and respectfully dedicated to the Honourable Miss Eden, by W. Hawes, Gent. of his Majesty's chapel Royal. Birchall. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

The herd of fire kings, water kings, erl kings and the like, who have made their appearance within the last few years, have never afforded much pleasure, we must therefore candidly confess that we sat down to "the Spectre Knight" with no very strong prepossession in its favour. Neither did the words (we will not call them poetry) excite in us any feelings of approbation. We are presented with "a spectre knight, with look of fright, array'd in black, &c."—"a weeping maid" is the attendant on the knight.

"Near a yew by lightning blasted,
There they sit till night is wasted,
And when morn begins to dawn,
Back again they soon return."

Mr. Hawes will tell us perhaps that he is not the author of this precious nonsense, but upon his head most assuredly will lie the crime of setting it to music, and not bad music either. The Glee has some good points, and as a composition is by no means destitute of merit, but if Mr. Hawes has any regard to his reputation as a man of taste, he will never again attach his music to such stuff as he has now selected.

The favourite air of "Ah vous dirai je Maman," with twelve variations for the harp, composed and dedicated to Miss Satis, by Count St. Pierre de Newbourg. Birchall. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

The air is simple, the variations ingenious, and well adapted to the instrument for which they were written.

New Glee, for three voices, the words translated from the twenty seventh Ode of Anacreon, by Thos. Moore, Esq. composed, presented and performed at the Society of Harmonists, on Thursday, Dec. 18, 1806, *and respectfully inscribed to the translator, by Samuel Wesley. Turnbull. Price* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Mr Wesley's compositions have invariably shewn him to be a sound musician, and from this character his present glee will in no wise derogate. In its construction there is much of originality, of fancy and of judgment, the movements are several, and they are contrasted with considerable effect: we consider it on the whole as a valuable addition to our stock of glees.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales welcome to Britain, a Loyal Hymn, composed and sung at several private concerts, by Mr. Watlen. Price 1*s.*

However we may admire the loyal spirit of this hymn, we must

confess that the music is rather dull. If it were harmonized the effect would be much improved, at present it is certainly but an insipid performance.

"*He's dear dear to me tho' he's far far away,*"

A favourite ancient ballad, as sung by Miss Duncan, the music by J. Watlen. Price 1*s.*

This is as good a ballad as half the compositions which are published under that title at present. We dare say that nine young ladies out of ten will pronounce it to be "very pretty indeed."

"*Come Jockey, sweet Jockey,*"

Sung by Mrs. Bland at Vauxhall Gardens, composed by Mr. Hook. Purday and Button. Price 1*s.*

We are really sorry that the first publication which we have to notice of Mr Hook's should be so very contemptible as that now before us. Mr. Hook has for many years furnished Vauxhall with a fresh collection of songs for each season, but from some cause or other scarcely ten out of the long list which he has produced have lived more than the season out. Mr. Hook is certainly no despicable musician, but when we see him thus sacrificing reputation for the sake of profit, and publishing a composition, the greatest merit of which is that it would make a decent country dance, it cannot be expected that we should entirely withhold our censure. An ordinary composition from the pen of a bad composer is exactly what we ought to expect, but we expect not, neither ought we to find an old and sound musician presuming upon the credit of his name, and descending to such stuff as "Come Jockey, sweet Jockey."

"*The Squeeze of the Hand,*"

Sung with unbounded applause by Mrs. Bland, at Vauxhall Gardens, composed by Mr. Hook, the words by Mr. E. Button. Purday and Button. Price 1*s.*

If the last song was tolerated at Vauxhall, we doubt not the truth of what the title to the one before us asserts that it was "sung with unbounded applause." It is certainly equal to many of Mr. Hook's former productions.

"*The Distressed Cottagers,*"

Written by Mr. W. Bazing, the music composed by Mr John Purkis, Organist of St. Olave, Southwark, and St. Clement Danes, London, dedicated with great respect to Miss Porch. Longman. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

There is not much invention displayed in this song, but the passages though frequently borrowed, are borrowed with judgement. It sings well, and the general effect is heightened by a good accompaniment.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.——*Shakspeare.*

THE EMOLUMENTS OF ACTORS IN THE TIME OF SHAKSPEARE.

It is not easy to ascertain what were the emoluments of a successful actor in the time of Skakspeare. They had not then annual benefits, as at present.* The clear emoluments of the theatre, after deducting the nightly expences for lights, men occasionally hired for the evening, &c. which in Shakspeare's house was but forty-five shillings, were divided into shares, of which part belonged to the proprietors, who were called housekeepers, and the remainder was divided among the actors, according to their rank and merit. I suspect that the whole clear receipt was divided into forty shares, of which perhaps the housekeepers or proprietors had fifteen, the actors twenty-two, and three were devoted to the purchase of new plays, dresses, &c. From Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, it should seem that one of the performers

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* Cibber says in his *Apology*, p. 96: Mrs. Barry was the first person whose merit was distinguished by the indulgence of having an annual benefit-play, which was granted to her alone, if I mistake not, first in King James's time; and which became not common to others, till the division of this company, after the death of King William's Queen Mary."

But in this as in many other facts he is inaccurate: for it appears from an agreement entered into by Dr. D'Avenant, Charles Hart, Thomas Betterton, and others, dated October 14, 1681, that the actors had *then* benefits. By this agreement, five shillings, apiece, were to be paid to Hart and Kynaston the players, "for every day there shall be any tragedies or comedies or other representations acted at the Duke's theatre in Salisbury-court, or wherever the company shall act, during the respective lives of the said Charles Hart and Edward Kynaston, *excepting the days the young men or young women play for their own profit only.* Gildon's *Life of Betterton*, p. 8.

had seven shares and a half; * but of what integral sum is not mentioned. The person alluded to, (if any person was alluded to, which is not certain,) must, I think, have been a proprietor, as well as a principal actor. Our poet in his *Hamlet* speaks of a *whole share*, as no contemptible emolument; and from the same play we learn that some of the performers had only half a share. Others probably had still less.

It appears from a deed executed by Thomas Killigrew and others, that in the year 1666, the whole profit arising from acting plays, masques, &c. at the king's theatre, was divided into *twelve shares and three quarters*, of which Mr. Killigrew, the manager, had two shares and three quarters; and if we may trust to another statement, each share produced, at the lowest calculation, about 250l. per ann. *net;* and the total clear profits consequently were about 3187l. 10s. 0d.

These shares were then distributed among the proprietors of the theatre, who at that time were not actors, the performers, and the dramatic poets, who were retained in the service of the theatre, and received a part of the annual produce as compensation for the pieces which they produced. †

In a paper delivered by Sir Henry Herbert to Lord Clarendon and the Lord Chamberlain, July 11, 1662, he states the emolument which Mr. Thomas Killigrew then derived (from his two shares and three quarters,) at 19l. 6s. 0d. *per* week; according to which statement each share in the king's company produced but two hundred and ten pounds ten shillings a year. In Sir William D'Avenant's company, from the time their new theatre, was opened in Portugal Row, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, (April 1662,) the total receipt (after deducting the nightly charges of "men hirelings and other customary expences," was divided into fifteen shares, of which it was agreed by articles previously entered into, that ten should belong

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* "*Tucca*. Fare thee well, my honest penny-biter: commend me to *seven shares and a half*, and remember to-morrow.—If you lack a *service*, you shall play in my name, rascals; [alluding to the custom of actors calling themselves the *servants* of certain noblemen,] but you shall buy your own cloth, and I'll have *two shares* for my countenance." *Poetaster*, 1602.

† Gildon in his *Laws of Poetry*, 8vo. 1721. observes, that "after

to D'Avenant; viz. two "towards the house-rent, building, scaffolding, and making of frames for scenes; one for a provision of habits, properties, and scenes, for a supplement of the said theatre; and seven to maintain all the women that are to perform or represent women's parts, in tragedies, comedies, &c. and in consideration of erecting and establishing his actors to be a company, and his pains and expences for that purpose for many years." The other five shares were divided in various proportions among the rest of the troop.

In the paper above referred to it is stated by Sir Henry Herbert, that D'Avenant "drew from these ten shares two hundred pounds a week;" and if that statement was correct, each share in his play-house then produced annually six hundred pounds, supposing the acting season to have then lasted for thirty weeks.

Such were the emoluments of the theatre soon after the Restoration; which I have stated here, from authentic documents, because they may assist us in our conjectures concerning the profits derived from stage-exhibitions at a more remote and darker period.

From the prices of admission into our ancient theatres in the time of Shakspeare, which have been already noticed, I formerly conjectured that about twenty pounds was a considerable receipt at the Blackfriars and Globe theatre, on any one day; and my conjecture is now confirmed by indisputable evidence. In Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book I find the following curious notices on this subject, under the year 1628:

"The kinges company with a generall consent and alacritye have given mee the benefitt of too dayes in the yeare, the one in summer, thother in winter, to bee taken out of the second daye of a revived playe, att my own choyse. The house-keepers have likewyse given their shares, their dayly charge only deducted, which comes to some 2l. 5s. this 25 May, 1623.

"The benefitt of the first day, being a very unseasonable one in respect of the weather, comes but unto 4l. 15s. 0d."

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the Restoration, when the two houses struggled for the favour of the town, the taking poets were secured to either house by a sort of retaining fee, which seldom or never amounted to more than forty shillings a week, nor was that of any long continuance."

This agreement subsisted for five years and a half, during which time Sir Henry Herbert had ten benefits, the most profitable of which produced seventeen pounds, and ten shillings, *net* on the 22d of Nov. 1628, when Fletcher's *Custom of the Country* was performed at Blackfriars; and the least emolument which he received was on the representation of a play which is not named, at the Globe, in the summer of the year 1632, which produced only the sum of one pound and five shillings, after deducting from the total receipt in each instance the nightly charge above mentioned.

On the 30th of October, 1633, the managers of the king's company agreed to pay him the fixed sum of ten pounds every Christmas, and the same sum at Midsummer, in lieu of his two benefits, which sums they regularly paid him from that time till the breaking out of the civil wars.

From the receipts on these benefits I am led to believe that the prices were lower at the Globe theatre, and that therefore, though it was much larger than the winter theatre at Blackfriars, it did not produce a greater sum of money on any representation. If we suppose twenty pounds, clear of the nightly charges already mentioned, to have been a very considerable receipt at either of these houses, and that this sum was in our poet's time divided into forty shares, of which fifteen were appropriated to the housekeepers or proprietors, three to the purchase of copies of new plays, stage-habits, &c. and twenty-two to the actors, then the performer who had two shares on the representation of each play, received, when the theatre was thus successful, twenty shillings. But supposing the *average* nightly receipt (after deducting the nightly expences) to be about nine pounds, then his nightly dividend would be but nine shillings, and his weekly profit, if they played five times a week, two pounds five shillings. The acting season, I believe, at that time lasted forty weeks. In each of the companies then subsisting there were about twenty persons, six of whom probably were principal, and the others subordinate; so that we may suppose *two shares* to have been the reward of a principal actor; six of the second class perhaps enjoyed a whole share each; and each of the remaining eight half a share. On all these *data*, I think it may be safely concluded, that the performers of the first class did not derive from their profession more than ninety pounds a year

at the utmost.* Shakspeare, Heminge, Condell, Burbidge, Lowin, and Taylor had without doubt other shares as proprietors or leaseholders; but what the different proportions were which each of them possessed in that right, it is now impossible to ascertain. According to the supposition already stated, that fifteen shares out of forty were appropriated to the proprietors, then was there on this account a sum of six hundred and seventy five pounds annually to be divided among them. Our poet, as author, actor, and proprietor, probably received from the theatre about two hundred pounds a year.—Having, after a very long search lately discovered the will of Mr. Heminge, I hoped to have derived from it some information on this subject; but I was disappointed. He indeed more than once mentions his several parts or *shares held by lease in the Globe and Blackfriars play houses*; but uses no expression by which the value of each of those shares can be ascertained. His books of account, which he appears to have regularly kept, and which, he says, will shew that his shares yielded him "*a good yearly profit*," will probably, if they shall ever be found, throw much light on our early stage history.

REFLECTIONS ON TRAGEDY.

WHOSOEVER reflects that Tragedy has a much stronger power of affecting a great part of mankind than Comedy, will easily conclude from hence, that their imitations are no further interesting than in proportion to the greater or less impressions which the object imitated would have made upon us. Now, it is certain, that men

* "The verye hyerlings of some of our plaiers, [i. e. men occasionally hired by the night] says Stephen Gosson in the year 1579, which stand at reversion of vi s. by the weeke, jet under gentlemen's noses in sutes of silke." *Schoole of Abuse, p.* 22.

Hart, the celebrated tragedian, after the Restoration had but three pounds a week as an *actor*, that is, about ninety pounds a year; for the acting season did not, I believe, at that time exceed thirty weeks; but he had besides, as a proprietor, six shillings and three pence every day on which there was any performance at the king's theatre, which produced about £56. 5. 0. more. Betterton even at the beginning of the present century had not more than five pounds a week.

in general are not so much moved with theatrical action during the representation of a Comedy as that of a Tragedy; those, whose studies or amusements lead them to the dramatic walk, talk more frequently, and with more warmth, of the Tragedies than of the Comedies they have seen represented, and consequently have the former more in quotation than the latter; in short, we are readier to excuse a mediocrity in the tragic than in the comic style, though the latter seems not to have the same command over our attention as the first.

——Habet comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. HOR.

Those, whose labours are designed for the stage, talk in the same strain, and mostly agree that there is not so much danger in giving the public an entertainment to weep at, as to divert them with laughing.

One would imagine, nevertheless, that Comedy ought to draw men's attentions more than Tragedy. A comic poet does not exhibit to the spectators heroic characters, or such as they have no knowledge of but from some vague ideas formed from the relation of historians; he does not entertain the pit with conspiracies against the state, with oracles and other marvellous events, and such as the greatest part of the spectators, who have never had any share in the like adventures, would not be able to tell whether the circumstances and consequences thereof are set forth with any resemblance of truth. On the contrary, he entertains us with the picture of our friends, and of those with whom we have a constant intercourse and familiarity. The theatre, according to Plato, subsists, as it were, entirely by the errors and foibles which are daily incident to men, by reason of their not being sufficiently acquainted with themselves; some imagining themselves more powerful than they really are; some more knowing, and others, in fine, more amiable.

The tragic poet exposes the inconveniences arising from the want of self-knowledge in sovereigns and other independent persons, the consequences of whose vindictive temper make generally a great noise, whose resentments are naturally violent, and whose passions, proper for the stage, are capable of being the springs of the greatest events. The comic poet exhibits the consequences of self-ignorance among the general ranks of

people, whose resentments are subordinate to the laws, and whose passions, proper for the scenes, are productive only of domestic broils and ordinary adventures.

The comic poet entertains us therefore with the adventures of equals, and presents us with the portraits of originals that are constantly before us: he makes even the pit (allowing the expression) mount upon the stage. Man, therefore, who is naturally fond of any discovery he can make of his neighbour's foibles, and desirous of all knowledge that can entitle him to lessen his esteem of others, ought naturally to resort to Thalia rather than Melpomene, especially as the former is much more fertile than the latter of lessons for private people's instructions.

Though Comedy may not, perhaps, correct all the failings it exposes, yet it teaches us at least how to live with such as are subject to those failings, and how to conform so in company, as to avoid that roughness which provokes them, or that servility which flatters them. Tragedy, on the contrary, represents heroes, with whom our situation forbids us to attempt any resemblance, and whose lessons and examples are drawn from events so dissimilar to those we are commonly exposed to, that the applications which we might be willing to make would be extremely vague and imperfect; hence, as it is the imitation of the crimes and misfortunes of great men, so likewise it is the imitation of the sublimest virtues of which they are capable.

The tragic poet exhibits men who are captives to the most extravagant passions, and the most tumultuous agitations. He shews us a sort of unjust but all-powerful deities, who demand a young innocent princess to be sacrificed at the foot of their altars; he sets before us the progress of heroes, the deaths of tyrants, and the revolution of empires: it is true, we never find our friend in any tragic personages, but their passions are more impetuous, and as the laws are but a feeble barrier to these passions, they are attended with much greater consequences than those of comic characters: thus the *terror* and *pity*, which the picture of tragical events excites in our souls, engages us much more than all the laughter and contempt excited by the several incidents of Comedy.

But let us see how Tragedy, thus defined, is capable of exciting *terror* and *pity*, in order to refine and purify in us all sorts of passion; it excites *terror* and *compassion* in us, by setting before our eyes the calamities which those who are like ourselves have fallen into by involun-

tary faults, and it refines them, by rendering those very misfortunes familiar to us, because it teaches us not to be too much concerned when they really happen. This is Aristotle's account of it: and this is what the ablest critics, both ancient and modern, have held to be the purest and most genuine illustration of it, (though his opinion, from the greatness of his character, and the general subscription to it for above two thousand years past, should make it decisive.) The good emperor Marcus Aurelius passed the same judgment on it in the following words: "Tragedies," says he, "were first introduced to put men in mind of those accidents which happen in their lives; to inform them they must necessarily come; and to teach them, that those things they see with so much delight on the stage, should not appear insupportable on the grand theatre of the world."

The advantage Tragedy brings to mankind is by no means inconsiderable; it prepares us to bear the most unlucky accidents courageously, and disposes the most miserable to think themselves happy, and they compare their own misfortunes with those which Tragedy has represented to them. In whatever condition a man may be, yet, when he shall see an *Œdipus* or a *Lear*, he cannot but think his own affliction slight in comparison with their's; but it stops here: it refines, not at the same time, all those other passions which may precipitate us into the same troubles; for, in exhibiting the crimes which they have drawn those *miserables* into what they suffer, it teaches us to stand on our guard, and powerfully induces us to moderate and refine in ourselves what was the only cause of their loss; thus Tragedy becomes a useful medicine to the mind, by thoroughly purging the passions, at the same time that we receive a pleasure in the operation.

MRS. FOOTE.

This lady was kept so much in the back-ground by the gay, licentious, eccentric, life of her husband, that little is known of her history; except that she was the very reverse of him. Mildness and forbearance seemed to be the leading features of her character; and these qualities could serve as no lasting checks upon a man of his temper. Implicated, however, as she was, in the fate of her husband, she furnishes the following anecdotes:—

Dr. Nash, of Worcester, being in town one spring, not long after Foote's marriage, intended to pay his old fellow-collegian a visit, but was much surprised at hearing that he was in the Fleet prison. Thither he hastened directly; and found him in a dirty two-pair-of stairs back room, with furniture every way suitable to such an apartment. The Doctor shocked at this circumstance, began to condole with him; when Foote cut him short by turning the whole into raillery: "Why, is not this better," said he, "than the gout, the fever, the small-pox, and

"The thousand various ills
"That flesh is heir to?"

This is a mere temporary confinement; without pain, and not very uncongenial (let me tell you) to this sharp biting weather: whereas the above disorders would not only give pain *and* confinement for a time, but perhaps ultimately prevent a man from ever going into the world again."

Laughing on in this manner, the Doctor perceived something stir behind him in the bed; upon which he got up, and said he would call another time.—"No, no," said the other; sit down: "'tis nothing but *my Foot.*"—"Your foot!" said the Doctor: "well; I want no apologies, I shall call another time."—"I tell you again," said the other, "tis nothing but *my Foot;* and to convince you of its being no more, it shall speak to you directly." Upon this his poor wife put her head from under the bed-clothes; and, with much confusion and embarrassment, made many apologies for her distressed situation.

POETRY.

Hail solitude, thou balm of all my woes,
  Kind nurse of virtue; dearest friend of truth;
For thee my heart, amid the tumult, glows,
  Sole guide and mentor of my cheerless youth.

Far from the whirl of passion's jarring sounds,
  With thee I'll seek the cot undeck'd by pride;
Where nor ambition burns, nor fraud abounds;
  But gentle peace and wish'd content reside.

Or, from th' envenom'd tongue of slander freed,
  Beneath yon ivy'd ruin lone and wild,
Mark the foul track of some inhuman deed,
  Which, story tells, its former host defil'd.

Or, pensive sit, and heave the unhear'd sigh,
  Nor to the giddy throng my grief proclaim,
But, as the blast of evening passes by,
  Mix with the sullen sound Alicia's name.

HERMOS.

IMPROMPTU!

On a popular Actress taking Places at the Theatre under the Name of SHERRY!

Mild as morning in May—with good humour abounding,
All the loves and the graces her person surrounding,
Wit sparkling like brisk-bottled perry;
In vain she attempts to elude admiration—
To taste none can claim e'en the slighest relation,
Who take the sweet MOUNTAIN for SHERRY!

New Inn, 14th August, 1807. W. D.

LIFE,

A CAPRICIO.

LIFE'S replete with joy and sorrow,
Time is ever on the wing,
Joy to grief may yield to-morrow,
Thus 'tis mine with truth to sing,
Life's replete with joy and sorrow.

Time is ever on the wing,
Manhood comes and checks youth's pleasures,
Age infirmity will bring;
Thus we find, in rapid measures,
Time is ever on the wing.

Joy to grief may yield to-morrow;
Cherish joy then while 'tis thine,
Peaceful moments so you'll borrow,
But remember whilst they shine,
Joy to grief may yield to-morrow.

Thus 'tis mine with truth to sing,
Pleasure decks life's early morning,
Age will cares and sorrow bring;
To each friend a gentle warning,
Thus 'tis mine with truth to sing.

J. M. L.

SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUIDO.

AMID my fair one's locks of golden hue,
That o'er her neck and iv'ry shoulders play,
Love sporting linger'd with a fond delay,
And traced each flowing curl with wonder new.
And soon he found 'twere vain to bid adieu
To that blest prison; ev'ry tress his stay
Enforc'd, a chain by beauty's magic sway
Twin'd, and his heart in close confinement drew;
Now Venus, anxious from the wond'ring skies,
Her boy's release with presents meet demands:
But, goddess, spare thy useless gifts, for learn,
That Love, enslav'd by love, a captive sighs;
And should you free him from his glossy bands,
The wanton urchin would again return.

Liverpool. G. W. C.

SU LA MORTE
DEL
GENERAL PAOLI,

ACCADUTA LI 5. DI QUESTO MESE ALL' ETA SUA D' ANNI 83 INCIRCA.

PAOLI, al Ciel volasti, ove fra' santi
Eroi de la lor Patria hai già la sede:
Virtù, Beneficenza, e pura Fede
Scorte ti furo al Creator davanti!

Ma noi quà giù versiamo amari pianti,
Che el viso tuo benigno non si vede;
Nè s' ode il dir soave, che procede
D'un Regno dal Rettor per anni tanti!

Corsica, il tuo bon Padre, Anglia, l' Amico,
Più non vedrai, nè di lui più sereno
Uomo in avversa, od in propizia sorte!

L' alte virtuti sue, che quì t' indico,
Mortal, imita, e imprimi nel tuo seno,
Se lo brami veder dopo la morte!

LEUCIPPO EGINEO, P. A.

SONNET.

AROUND me evening's deepest shades descend;
Hush'd is the songster's warbling on my ear,
Yet still in musing mood I linger here,
Still lonely o'er the tottering wall I bend:
For busy fancy warm a charm can lend
Amid this hour, to fixt attention dear,
Which dwells her eye on yon worn ruin near,
That with the dusky twilight seems to blend.
She brings to view the vanish'd days of yore,
Within the banner'd hall the warriors plac'd:
And pleasure smiles the sparkling stream to pour,
As the old minstrel's kindling songs arise:—
Yet nought is heard, save now the mournful blast,
That thro' the shuddering ivy, shivering, sigh's!

THE LONDON THEATRES.

HAY-MARKET.

AUGUST.

27. [Mr. Mathews' Benefit] Liberal Opinions; Music Mad (1st time.) The characters by Mr. Mathews; Mr. Farley; Mr. Liston; Mr. Taylor; Mr. Carles; Mrs. Mathews.—Love Laughs at Locksmiths. Captain Beldare, Mr. Palmer, Jun. Vigil, Mr. Chapman.

28. Stranger—Music Mad—Critic.

29. [Mr. and Mrs. Liston's Benefit] Surrender of Calais. Eustache, Mr. Young; La Gloire (1st time) Mr. Farley; O'Carrol, Mr. Taylor; Julia, Mrs. Litchfield.—Music Mad—Tom Thumb—Imitations by Mrs. Wells.

31. [Mr. Young's Benefit] Wheel of Fortune. Penruddock, Mr. Young; Sydenham, Mr. Carles; Woodville, Mr. Chapman; Young Woodville, Mr. Palmer, Jun. Governor Tempest, Mr Liston; Weazle, Mr. Mathews; Mrs. Woodville, Miss Taylor; Emily Tempest, Mrs. Gibbs—Music Mad—Katharine and Petruchio.

SEPT. 1. Five Miles off—Music Mad—Critic.

2. Iron Chest—Tom Thumb.

3. Dramatist—Tale of Mystery—Francisco, Mr. Farley; Romaldi, Mr. Palmer, Jun. Stephano, Mr. Carles; Bonamo, Mr. Waddy; Malvoglio, Mr. Noble; Montano, Mr. Wharton; The Miller, Mr. Grove. Fiametta (1st time) Mrs. Davenport; Selina, Mrs. Gibbs—Music Mad.

4. Hamlet—Music Mad.

5. Wheel of Fortune. Mrs. Woodville, Mrs. Kendall.—Music Mad—Irish Widow.

7. [Mr. Fawcett's Night] Pizarro. Rolla, Mr. Young; Ataliba, Mr. Carles; Orozembo, Mr. Waddy; Hualpa, Mr. Grove; High Priest, Mr. Taylor; Pizarro, a Gentleman; Alonzo, Mr. Palmer, jun. Las Casas, Mr. Chapman; Sentinel, Mr. Noble; Cora, Mrs. Gibbs; Elvira, Mrs. Litchfield—Critic.

2. Tale of Mystery—Review—Tom Thumb.

9. [Mrs. Gibbs's Benefit] Beggar's Opera. Macheath and Polly, (for that night only) Mr. Incledon and Miss Bolton; Lucy, Mrs. Liston.—Lovers' Quarrels. Carlos, Mr. Palmer, jun. Sancho, Mr. Fawcett; Lopez, Mr. Liston; Leonora (1st time) Mrs. Litchfield; Jacinta, Mrs. Gibbs—Animal Magnetism.

10. Iron Chest—Critic

11. Pizarro—Pizarro, Mr. Chapman; Las Casas, Mr. Davenport.—Lock and Key.

12. Five Miles off—Tale of Mystery—Catch Him who Can!

14. Stranger—Critic.

15. [Last Night] Hamlet—Tom Thumb.

Music Mad, produced on Mr. Mathews's night, is an *extravaganza* by Mr. Theodore Hook, of which he borrowed the idea, and the

arrangement from *Il fanatico di Musica* at the Opera-House. The eccentricities of a man whose passion for music has become a *mania*, form the subject of the piece; these, with an excellent comic song from Mathews, in which he burlesques the different styles of music in different countries, and introduces a happy imitation of Naldi; half a score of puns: a whimsical portrait of a Frenchman, by Mr. Farley, and the grotesque humour of Liston, make up a very tolerable half hour's amusement. This little piece will be frequently called for. The music is Mr. Hook's.

There is little else that requires remark. The gentleman who played Pizarro, is not likely to make any figure on the stage;—"full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."—Mr. Faweett, at the dropping of the curtain, on the 15th of September, came forward and thanked the audience in the usual terms. Considering that the theatre has derived so little aid from new pieces, the season, we believe, has been pretty profitable.

Covent-Garden opened on the 14th with *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Poor Soldier*; and Drury-Lane on the 17th with the *Country Girl*, and the *Weathercock*, a full and critical account of the new Performers, and other novelties, shall appear in our next; unavoidable circumstances having hitherto prevented us from attending either of these houses.

PARIS THEATRES.

Theatre Louvois.—The *Effect of a Perriwig*, or the *Young Physician*; is a satirical sketch, which even the name of Picard is scarcely sufficient to recommend. It is founded on a prejudice that no longer exists: a large wig has been discarded by the faculty as a token of skill. The idea would not have been amiss at the time when Favart having snatched a doctor's wig from his hand, the latter exclaimed, "Good God, sir; you *take away my reputation*." The plot is common and trifling. In any other hands than those of Picard, the piece would not have been tolerable. The vivacity of his dialogue disarmed criticism of a little of its severity.

Theatre du Vaudevelle.—The *Chateau and the Cottage.* Three young artists, a painter, a sculptor, and an architect, returning to France, and learning that the widow of their benefactor has been deprived of her *Chateau*, and now lives in a small cottage, resolve to employ the fortune which they have acquired by their talents, in re-purchasing the goods which have been sold off, and in restoring the *Chateau* to the same condition in which the widow left it; and they chuse the day on which the village festival is held to announce what they have done to the widow, and to put her again into possession of her property. It is thus that they shew their respect for the memory of a man to whom they are indebted for their ease and affluence. The denouement is very pathetic; but the piece is too long, and attended by several unnecessary scenes. It should be reduced into one act.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES, &c.

Theatre Royal, LIVERPOOL.—We have received a Letter from Mr. Terry of this theatre, in consequence of some remarks which appeared in our last Number. As it is but just that public performers should have an opportunity of vindicating their characters, when they conceive themselves to be injured, we shall insert his Letter without abridgement. If we have admitted any thing that reflects improperly on his private character, we are sorry for it; though we by no means admit that an actor's moral conduct is to be regarded as perfectly distinct from his professional merits.

SIR,

WHEN you admit a criticism upon an Actor containing matter which may affect the peace and safety of the man, do you not forget your rights and duties as an Editor, and violate those principles upon which every work of the nature of the *Cabinet* ought to be conducted? how then will you reconcile to yourself the admission of Argus's last paper, in which the allusive obscurity of a quotation is calculated to produce the most serious effects, and how will he be able to answer for the interpretations which distant and uninformed friendship may put upon it, or for the consequences which may ensue from them? When the mischief is done, it is of little consequence to me whether it proceeded from folly or malignity, and you are certainly blameable for a want of proper attention to the trust you assume in undertaking a review of this kind, when you do not guard against such important social evils happening through the means, either of thoughtless stupidity, or through the insidious artifices of a disposition, envious or mischievous, cowardly and cunning.

As a *public character*, I am public property, and in the exercise of my professional duties, Argus or any person has an undoubted right to approve or condemn me as his opinions may dictate; and however criticism may mortify my vanity, or dissipate my expectations, I know not that I have any cause of complaint, nor upon what plea, (if such was my wish) I could with justice avoid it.

But as a *member of society*, I am amenable either to its *institutions*, or to its *customs, and to them only*, for any "*foul deeds*" I may commit against its welfare, either generally or particularly; I cannot conceive the relation in which, *as an actor* I stand with society, that can make it just or necessary for my private life to be introduced into Argus's writings, nor the relation which he holds between society and me, that can invest *him* with the censorship, even supposing it required such notice: *I* never laid claim to exemption from those liabilities to which mankind seem born, nor ever boasted any philosophical pretensions to the infallibility of my moral purity; but sir, I am not conscious that I ever sinned against the integrity of moral rectitude in my dealings with my fellow-creatures, or entered into any degree of moral responsibility of which I desired to shrink from the fulfilment; should any however suppose themselves wronged by me, to them I am answerable and accessible, and willing to be so, but for this man's self-assumed interference (should I ever know him) an account will be necessary, which I trust he is able and ready to render me. He has either erred through ignorance, or

been actuated by wickedness; he is either not aware of the consequences which may result from what he has said, or he has some design to answer in the obscurity of his allusion. The very moderate and gentle proportion of intellect conveyed in his compositions, inclines me to hope the former; but if we reduce him to such an alternative, what degree of attention will be due from the public to *him*, who in one case must be a fool, and in the other a scoundrel.

The publication of this letter I cannot insure, but it will be an act of reparation which you owe to

Sir, Your humble Servant,
DANIEL TERRY.

Theatre WORTHING.—The *Worthing* new Theatre, erected at the expence of several thousand pounds by Mr. Trotter, is one of the most elegant little Theatres in England. The decorations are light and tasteful, the scenery delightfully painted, and the accommodations both before and behind the curtain very complete. Indeed, while much taste has been exercised, no expence has been spared to render it, in every respect, worthy of the public patronage. We have attended a few of the representations, and we have seldom, in the country, witnessed better regulated performances, or observed a greater portion of merit in the actors. Mr. Trotter has few equals, even on the London boards; he possesses an elegant and commanding figure, with a fine voice, just and animated action, and a sound discriminating judgment. We have received very great pleasure from his *Stranger*, *Archer*, and *Frank Heartall*. Mr. Oxberry has much sterling merit, and is a considerable favourite in low comedy. At the close of the season he joins the Covent Garden Company where he is engaged, and will, no doubt, be found exceedingly useful. Mr. Vining, who plays the lovers and other characters suitable to his juvenile figure, is a young man of much promise; possessing two of the best requisites to constitute a good actor; modesty and good sense. Mr. Stackwood is also a judicious and forcible speaker, and the other performers are highly respectable. Among the ladies we have particularly to notice Miss Barry, who has an intelligent countenance, a pleasing figure, and great versatility of talent. Her voice in singing, is melodious and powerful, guided by a correct ear, and governed by feeling and good taste. Miss Taylor, from Covent Garden and the Hay-market, has lately been added to the Company, and is certainly an ornament to it. Mrs. Cory is excellent in the old women.

Mrs. Litchfield is engaged for a short time, and has been greatly admired in the *Widow Cheerly*, *Country Girl*, *Roxalana*, *Mrs. Haller*, *Irish Widow*, and *Mrs. Sullen*. Quick, that genuine son of Momus, who has been long prevented from appearing in public by the accident he met with from the overturning of a stage coach, performs three nights here. He is in high health and spirits, and played *Scrub* on Saturday 26th September with all that inimitable simplicity, and richness, but truth of colouring, for which his acting was always distinguished. We must not forget to mention a gentleman of the name of Webb, who sings Johnstone's songs in a most admirable style. He has not yet performed any character, but if he can act as well as he sings, he is a great acquisition to the stage.—*27th Sept.* 1807.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the Press, or in preparation.

TRAVELS, &c.—Lord Valentia's Travels in Asia and Africa. Oriental Voyages, or descriptive Sketches, and Cursory Remarks on a Voyage to India and China, in His Majesty's Ship the Caroline, performed in 1803, 4, 5, and 6, by J. Johnson, Esq.

CLASSICS.—A Short Account of Classical Mythology, freed from those relations which render the generality of works on the same subject so improper for youthful readers of either sex, but particularly for Females; by the Rev. W. J. Hort, of Bristol.

ROMANCES, &c.—The Unknown; or the Northern Gallery, by Mr. Lathom.

POETRY.—A Translation from the Spanish of the Interesting Chronicle of the Cid, by Mr. Southey. A Poem on the Subject of the Exodus, by Mr. Hoole. Poems, by Mr. George Woodley, Author of Mount Edgcumbe.—Poems and Essays on Miscellaneous Subjects, by Dr. Cartwright.—The Moorland Bard; or Poetical Reflections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire; by T. Bakewell. The Sweets of Solitude, and other Poems, by T. Burnet. Poems, written at Lanchester, by John Hodgson, Clerk. An Essay on Fate, with other Poems, by John Barnes.

BIOGRAPHY.—Davies' Life of Garrick, with numerous Additions. Langhorne's Plutarch, with Corrections, Additions to the Notes, and new Tables of Times, Coins, &c. by the Rev. F. Wrangham. Lives of British Statesmen, by John Macdiarmid, Esq.

DRAMATIC.—The Chorusses of Æschylus, with Notes and Illustrations, by Dr. Charles Burney. Professor Porson's four Plays of Euripides, re-printed in Octavo.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Works literary, moral, philosophical, and medical, of Thomas Perceval, M. D. with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, and a Selection from his Letters and Correspondence. By his Son. Sketches of Rustic Society and Manners in the remote Province of Connaught, by Miss Owenson. Vis Veritatis, or the Progress of Truth, by Mr. Townsend.